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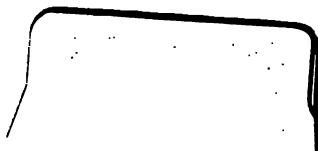


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SELECT LETTERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

SELECT LETTERS

BETWEEN

THE LATE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET,
LADY LUXBOROUGH, | MR. WHISTLER,
MISS DOLMAN, | MR. R. DODSLEY,
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.
AND OTHERS;

INCLUDING A SKETCH OF THE

MANNERS, LAWS, &c.

OF THE

REPUBLIC OF VENICE,

AND SOME POETICAL PIECES;

THE WHOLE NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

FROM ORIGINAL COPIES,

By Mr. HULL.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R I.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq. to ———.

My dearest Friend,

The *Leasowes*,
Nov. 20, 1762:

IT is a very *surprising* and a *cruel* Thing,
that you will not suppose me to have
been *out of Order*, after such a Neglect of
writing, as can hardly be *excused* on any *other*
Score. I cannot, indeed, lay Claim to what
the Doctors call an *acute Disease*: but *Dizzi-*
ness of Head, and *Depression of Spirits* ^{are} at
VOL. II. B ^{the} best

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best no *trivial* Maladies, and great *Discouragements* to writing. There is a lethargic State of *Mind* that deserves your Pity, not your Anger; though it may require the *Hellebore* of sharp Reproof. Why then did you not apply this pungent Remedy, before the Disease was gone so far? But seriously, I pass too much of that Sort of Time, wherein I am neither *well* nor *ill*; and being unable to express myself at large, am averse to do so by Halves. From the strange Laconicism of your Letter, I am really in Doubt, whether you are not angry at me; and yet had rather this were owing to *Anger* that *may* subside, than to any persevering *Fondness* you may have for such unusual Brevity. Should the latter become habitual, I shall see the Letters of a Genius dwindle to "*per first will advise the Needful.*" God forbid such a Transformation!

Your *former* Letter, to my great Confusion, was dated *Sept.* 18. Let me speak first to some few Parts of it—The Lampreys arrived safe, and were as good as I ever tasted; but every Time I tasted them, I wanted *you*; and you are mistaken,

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taken, if you imagine, I can half relish such Cates *alone*: however, I return you Thanks.

You gave me no Account how far the *Bath Waters*, &c. were judged expedient for you. A *charitable* Action called you up to Town; and you, in the Benevolence of your Heart, presume, that this *accounts for* the Neglect of every Advantage that concerned *yourself*. Pray let me know whether the Bath was proper for you at the same Time inform me, whether you were able to serve Mrs. H—. I shall be sorry for *you*, as well as *her*, if you should miss the Gratification you would derive from the Success of such an Endeavour.

Were I rich, I would erect a Temple to *Simplicity* and *Grace*; or, as the latter Word would be *equivocal*, to *Simplicity* and *Elegance*. I am glad to hear that Mr. W— has undertaken to deify the *former*; as he will produce better *Grounds* for such a *Consecration* than was ever done by Pagans, or by Papiſts, on any *such* Occasion. By the Way, I take that Goddess to be a remarkable Friend to Ease and Indolence. There is another well-deserving Per-

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sonage, *Delicacy*, whose Cause has been strangely deserted, by either Mr. MELMOTH, or Dr. LANCASTER.

Will it make better for me, or worse, to say, I've not yet written to Mr. GRAVES? But I will positively write, within this Week, if it cost me a Dose of Salts to clear my Brain. As to what he says about my printing immediately, he *may* be *right*, and I am *sure* he is *friendly*: but more of this in a little Time.

Since the Receipt of your last Letter, Mr. PERCY and his Wife came and spent a good Part of the Week here; and *he*, also, would needs write a Description of the *Leasowes*. During the latter Part of his Circuit, my Friend JAGO and I accompanied him; and what was produced on that Occasion, you will go near to know in a little Time. Mean while I am more and more convinced, that no Description of this Place can make any Figure in Print, unless some *Strictures* upon *Gardening*, and *other* Embellishments be superadded.

Mr.

Mr. JAGO has been with me twice, having written a Poem in blank Verse, which he leaves here for my Revival. 'Tis a descriptive Poem, called *Edge-Hill*, and admits an Account of the Battle fought there, together with many legendary Tales and Epifodes.

About a Week ago, I paid a Visit of two or three Days, which I had long promised, to Lord FOLEY. His Table, for a Constancy, is the most magnificent of any I ever saw : eighteen or twenty elegant Dishes ; a continual Succession of Company ; his Behaviour, perfectly hospitable, and his Conversation really entertaining. I most readily own myself to have been under a Mistake, with Regard to his *companionable* Character. My Reception was as agreeable as it could possibly be. As to the rest, he has a most admirable House and Furniture ; but without any Room or Utensil that would stand the Test of *modern* Criticism. The Views around him, wild and great ; and the Park capable of being rendered *fine* ; *twice* as striking as it is at present, if he would fell some Oaks, under the Value of a Crown, and some Hawthorns, under

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the Value of a Half-penny: but 'tis possible, at his Time of Life, &c. nothing of this Sort will be undertaken. The two Things at present remarkable are, his *Lodge* and his *Chapel*. The Portico of the former, (designed by FLEET-CROFT) affords three different and striking Prospects. The Chapel is so very superb and elegant, that Mrs. GATAKER has nothing to do but send you and me *thither*, to say our Prayers in it. In reality, it is perfect Luxury; as I truly thought it, last *Sunday* Se'en-night; *his Pew* is a *Room* with an handsome Fire-place; the Ceiling carved, painted in Compartments, and the Remainder enriched with gilt Stucco-Ornaments; the Walls enriched in the same Manner; the best painted Windows I ever saw: the Monument to his Father, Mother, and Brothers, cost, he said, 2000*l.* the middle Aisle rendered comfortable by Iron Stoves, in the Shape of Urns; the Organ perfectly neat, and good, in Proportion to its Size: and to this Chapel you are led through a Gallery of Paintings seventy Feet long—And what would you more? You'll say, a good Sermon—I really think his Parson is able to preach one.

And

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And now I come, lastly, to speak of your Letter I received on Monday. What an uncommon Man you are! to take so much Thought for *those*, who never took *any* for themselves!——I have enquired after Mr. WEDDERBURNE, and it seems he is a very clever and a very rising Lawyer; to whom I am the more obliged for mentioning me, as I fear I have not the Honour of being the least known to him,

Pray write to me as soon as possible, and I will make you Amends (if *Writing* will make Amends) for the scandalous *Omissions* of which I have been guilty. I have somewhat to tell you of Lord L—'s usual *great Kindness*, when the Lords D— and W— were last at *Hagley*; but I have not Time, and must conclude, my dearest, worthiest Friend!

your ever obliged

W. SHENSTONE.

SELECT LETTERS.

LETTER II.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq. to Mr. G—.

Dear Sir,

I DID indeed give you up for lost, as a Correspondent, and find by your Letter that I am to expect very few future ones. I will endeavour all I can, to avoid any Suspicion of your Indifference for my own Satisfaction; but I don't know for certain, that I shall be able, unless you assist my Endeavours, like my good Genius, by a Course of suitable Epistles, at certain Distances. I myself correspond but very little now, so you will meet with the more Indulgence. I don't find by your Letter that you have much more Philosophy than me. I can't tell, indeed, what the Situation of your House is; I own, mine gives me Offence on no other Consideration, than that it does not receive a sufficient Number of polite Friends, or that it is not fit to receive them, were they so disposed; I would
else

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else cultivate an Acquaintance with about three or four in my Neighbourhood, that are of a Degree of Elegance and Station superior to the common run. But I make it a certain Rule, “*Arcere profanum Vulgus*”.*—Persons who will despise you for the Want of a good Set of Chairs, or an uncouth Fire-Shovel, at the same Time that they can’t taste any Excellence in a Mind that overlooks those Things; or (to make a Conceit of this Sentiment) with whom ’tis in vain that your Mind is furnished, if the Walls are naked; indeed, one loses much of one’s Acquisitions in Virtue, by an Hour’s Converse with such as judge of Merit by Money, &c. yet I am now and then impelled by the social Passion to sit half an Hour in my Kitchen.

I was all along an Admirer of Sir THOMAS HEAD’s Humour and Wit, and I beg you will represent me in that Light, if Occasion happens. ’Tis not impossible that I may penetrate this Winter as far as your Neighbourhood, connecting a Set of Visits which I have in my Eye. Tell Mr. WHISTLER, when you

* To banish the profane Vulgar,

see him, that if he must have *some* Distemper, I cannot but be pleased that it is one which is the Fore-runner of Longevity—Don't tell him so neither, for the Compliment is trite. From the *Birmingham Gazette*, “ We hear that on *Thursday* last was married, at *Hales Owen*, in *Shropshire*, Mr. J—, an eminent Gunsmith of this Town, to a Sister of the Right Hon. F——— Lord D———.” I was yesterday at the *Grange*, where his old Father, with a Number of People, were celebrating the Nuptials of his Son ; when in the Midst of his Feastings, high Jollity, and grand Alliance, the old Fellow bethought him of a Piece of Timber in the Neighbourhood, that was convertible into good Gun-Stocks, and had some of it sent for into the Room, by Way of Specimen. “ *Animæ nil magnæ Laudis egentes !*”*

Pray is your Sister at *Smelkwick* ? for I have not heard. You said you would give me your Picture, which I long earnestly for ; could not you contrive to have it sent me directly ? I am quite in your Debt, with Regard to downright Goods and Moveables, and what is the proper

* Souls that are desirous of little Praise.

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Subject of an Inventory; I will, however, endeavour to be more upon a Par with you, with Regard to Presents, though I never can, with Regard to the Pleasures I have received from your Conversation.

I make People wonder at my Exploits in pulling down Walls, Hovels, Cow-Houses, &c. and my Place is not the same. I am, that is with Regard to you,

a faithful Friend,

and humble Servant,

W. SHENSTONE.

Mr. WHISTLER, and you, and I, and Sir T. HEAD, (whom I should name first, speaking after the Manner of *Men*) have just Variety enough, and not too much, in our Characters, to make an Interview, whenever it happens, entertaining—I mean, though we were not old Friends and Acquaintance.

L E T.

LETTER III.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq. to Mr. JAGO.

Dear Mr. JAGO,

THOUGH I have not yet troubled you with a Letter, I have not been void of all Enquiry, or Information concerning your Situation and Mr. HARDY's Health; indeed, it is now many Weeks since I collected some Particulars from your Brother, and I am now impatient for some further Intelligence. As to the Particulars of our friendly Reception at *Wroxball*, Mr. JOHN JAGO has very probably acquainted you; he would, however, persuade me to give you a distinct Account; being assured, he says, it must be a good Subject for Drollery. I don't know how far this would be proper: but I think, when I write again to my Friend W——, to give *him* a Sketch of his own Character, just as it appeared during the Time of our Visit. I do not mean to give Offence, so I shall intermix many
good

good Parts of his Character, together with his Oddities. I believe the whole will take up a Sheet of Paper, for I have already considered it. He has Good-Sense, and Good-Nature at the Bottom; pity he should disguise the former by one continued Air of Buffoonry, and the latter by a total Neglect of common Decorum.

Since I came home, I have done little else but plant Bushes, Hazel, Hawthorn, Crab-Tree, Elder, &c. together with some few flowering Shrubs that I have had given me. I think nothing remarkable has occurred; only one miserable tempestuous Day, I had the Earl of STAMFORD called to see my Walks, together with Mr. DOVEY, of *Birmingham*, and two other Gentlemen. My Lord promised to come again in Summer, and invited me to *Enville*. By the Way, he is now building a Gothic *Green-House*, by Mr. M—'s Direction; and by all Accounts, the Place is worth your seeing, when you come into this Country; 'tis but about six Miles distant from hence. Pray do not you embroil me with Mr. M—, in Regard to the Observations I made in his
I Walks.

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Walks. Remember there were not a few Things with which I was greatly delighted; and if there were a few that I less appeared to admire, it was owing to a Consciousness, that I was amongst Friends only, and that I thought it foolish to regulate my Expressions by the same Rules of Complaisance, which I ought to observe in different Places. I say, *ought*, for he has been exceeding favourable to me, in his Representations of the *Leasowes*. I hope to see Mr. FANCOURT with you here this Spring, and why not your Brother? He can spend half a Week now and then at *Wroxall*. The Duke of S—— was treated with Cruelty by his Father till he was sixty-five, and afterwards scarce survived him, to enjoy one Year's Profit of the Estate. Such is the Tenure by which we hold our earthly Tenements!

L E T-

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LETTER IV.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq. to Mr. WHISTLER.

Dear Mr. WHISTLER,

THIS is the first Evening I have had to myself since I left *Cheltenham*; and as one wants some very favourite Subject to engross one's Thoughts a little, after a long Diffipation, I could think of nothing more effectual than a Letter to one who has so large a Share in them; beside, they have given me your Letter from *Bradfield*, and I am in Pain till I have acknowledged so affectionate and polite a Present. People, whose very Foibles are so many Elegancies, can scarce write any Thing more agreeable than a plain, unaffected Account of them. I remember, I used to think this a Kind of Distinction between Mr. GRAVES and you; that the one had the Knack of making his Virtues unenvied, and the other of rendering (what I perhaps unjustly termed) his Weaknesses enviable. I am al-

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most afraid of inserting this, lest it should seem to injure the superlative Esteem I have of you: but I must add, that I consider a Mixture of Weaknesses, and an ingenuous Confession of them, as the most engaging and so- ciable Part of any Character; if I did not, I could not allot them you, whose Manner is so distinguishedly amiable.

Since I left *Chesterham*, I have been at Mr. B—'s, in *Bishop's-Castle*. I rode one Morning with him about three Miles, that I might say, I had been in *Wales*, and seen *Brecon*, *Caderi- dis*, and *Plinlimmon*, with an extensive Chain of other Mountains. I called at a small Ale- house, where the People lived all the Winter without any Glafs in their Windows. I was wondering how they could live so, in a more cold Country than you have, perhaps, expe- rienced. The Wife said, "True it was, she could like Glafs very well." "Yes," says the Hus- band, "Glafs is very genteel, that it is." "Nay, says the Wife, "not for the Gentleness nei- ther, though it is very genteel, that's the Truth on't." This Circumstance struck me a good deal, that they should discover the gentleness of
of

of Glazing, and never once think of its *Expediency*. Mr. B— is a Man you would like upon Acquaintance, though, as I remember, you had some Objection to the Superfluity of his Wit. We shall, in all Probability, have frequent Interviews with him at *Bath, London, &c.* He would fain have seduced me to have travelled into *Portugal, &c.* with himself, and one Mr. MOORE, his Neighbour; an agreeable, modest Man, and late Member for *Bishop's-Castle*. I declined it for two Reasons; first, on Account of the Expence, and secondly, that I could not think of spending two Years in *this* Part of my Life abroad; dead to one's own Country, and procuring, at best, very perishable, and useless Friendships in another. If I could have staid, I was to have gone with him to a *Welsh* Sessions, fraught with Irascibility. He is a Justice of Peace there.

As to good Acquaintance, though I much desire it, I have as literally a Genius for avoiding, as any one ever had for procuring it. I cannot approach within fifty Yards of Servility for fear of it.

I want fadly to talk to you about a thousand Things. I have some Notion of spending a Week at Mr. D—'s. Act sublimely, and give me the Meeting then, notwithstanding.

Though I was enamoured with the Politeness of Mr. W—'s Conversation, I should not, perhaps, have been very forward to express my Sentiments, if you had not intimated, that he made favourable mention of me. I begin to grow a little pleased with Prudence, and I think it a Debt one owes her, to reserve one's Encomiums till one knows any one's mutual Sentiments; for certainly, he that happens to commend an Enemy, happens to condemn himself. I beg my Compliments.

I believe poor J. D— is alive—Farther I cannot learn.

I did not think it possible, I could have been so much engaged by love as I have been of late.—Poor Miss C—!

It

It must necessarily be an Honour to a Girl, to have pleased a Man of Sense, (I know not but I am vain in supposing myself of that Number) let his Station be how low soever. Now it must be a Disgrace to captivate a Fool, however high it be; the former is the strongest Evidence of Merit, the latter of the Want of it.

Now I talk of Vanity, I beseech you never check yourself in your Letters—I don't purpose it; and I think it makes as pretty a Figure in the Letters of a Man of Taste, as it does in the Embroidery of a Beau. I am as much yours, as human Nature will admit of.

Adieu!

W. SHENSTONE.

LETTER V.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq. to —.

Dear Sir,

WHEN I promised you some Poetry for Mr. S—, I am afraid that, through my Desire of recommending myself to his Family, my Tongue out-run my Wit. If I laid any Sort of *Stress* upon what I was to send, I am very sure it did so; and when you have read the Trifles enclosed, you will be of the same Opinion.

It is probable, however, that I had an Eye to a larger Ode of mine, upon the Subject of rural Elegance, which I have not now Time either to correct or to transcribe; but which I will not fail to communicate to them upon some future Occasion.

Or if my Promise regarded a Translation of the Mottos *here*, I shall have the best Opportunity of performing it, when I take the Freedoms

SELECT LETTERS. 21

doms you have allowed me, with your polite Description of my Farm.

Am I wrong in detaining that Paper?—For positively, these last few Days I have found myself a good deal feverish, and my Head has been so much confused, that I was almost tempted to omit this Message. In this Case, I think your Good-nature would have acquitted me of *Disrespect*: but I could not suffer you to leave the Country with so bad an Opinion of my punctuality.

It remains, that I present my best Respects to Dr. TURTON and his Lady, and that I wish you an agreeable Journey to *Oxford*. I purpose, in a few Weeks, that you shall be enabled to say something more particular, in Regard to M—'s Poetry; in the mean Time, I desire that he would accept my Compliments, and my Thanks for the Pleasure his Verses have afforded me. Above all Things, assure Mr. ARNOLD of my most unfeigned Esteem; and if he discovers any Partiality for my Place or me, encourage it, that it may induce him, on a proper Occasion, to favour me once more

22 SELECT LETTERS.

with his Company, You see, I am availing myself of *your* Interest, to make all your Friends my own; and to atone for this Piece of Selfishness, it shall not be my Fault, if every Friend I have be not yours, at least, with some Share of that Regard with which I am,

dear Sir,
your most faithful, humble Servant,
W. SHENSTONE.

LETTER VI.

MR. WHISTLER TO W. SHENSTONE, Esq,

Dear Sir,

I Received your agreeable Letter; read all the fine Things your (I fear prejudiced) Good-nature made you say; at first distrusted them: but when I reflected on the Person who said them, I found a strong Inclination rise in me to believe them; but how to be convinced I was still at a Loss; for I know it is in your Power, either to make Flattery pass for Sincerity, or Sincerity (so justly dreaded from
the

the Unskilful) pleasing. But be it as it will, I shall be a Gainer by it; for if 'tis Flattery, it will give me a fair Reputation, though undeserved, with all who hear it; but if 'tis true, it will assure me, I deserve one from all who can like you bestow one.

You enquired after Mr. D—. He, and his Lady, and Miss B—s, have drank Tea with me twice within this Fortnight. We went to *Christ-Church* Prayers together, from thence, arrayed in Gold and Silver, we rushed into *St. John's-Chapel*, where we stood, knelt and fate, (I won't say prayed) the whole Service-Time; for you know it is usual there for Strangers to sit in the Choir, which we did, to the great Advantage both of the Fan and the Snuff-Box, which were neither of them long unemployed, during Divine Service. You know they are great Helps to Devotion: Snuff certainly composes, and a Fan may waft a Soul to Heaven before it is aware.

Mrs. L— still perseveres. She gave it out before she had seen her, that Miss B— was like a Cat, which when she found Miss B—

had heard, she wrote a Letter to excuse herself, and concluded most emphatically with these Words, "No, Madam, I am not quite so unbred; it was not I, but Common-Fame, said you were like a Cat." I really think here, that Mrs. L— topt Mrs. L—'s Part. Mr. G— is still a Prude; I see him sometimes, but should be glad to see him oftener. I know no one Circumstance, but Breach of Sincerity, that can ever be a Reason with me to slight my Friends. If a Friend of mine had broke all Laws, both human and divine, yet had conspicuously preserved his Integrity to me, I should only think myself the more obliged to him, and though I pitied him, would never forsake him first; I should think he had a higher Notion of Friendship, and that that was the only Tie which he dared not violate, for which Reason I would not dare to be a greater Villain than he. I don't know how this Thought came into my Head, but you see I was willing to spin it to its full Length; if I have gone too far, you must impute it to that Rapture of Friendship with which I am yours eternally,

Oxford.

A. WHISTLER.

Do write!

L E T.

LETTER VII.

MR. WHISTLER TO W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE waited thus long upon a dilatory Lawyer, called, I suppose, in *Hebrew*, *Belzebub*; at least, I am confident, Lawyer is but a synonymous Term for the Devil. I have stayed, and must stay, to sign some Parchments, which cannot be done without me; and his Delay has caused mine, in not answering your kind Letter before. I must likewise go to *Winchester* on the same Business, so that, to put you out of a disagreeable Expectation, I pluck up Resolution to tell you, I am afraid I cannot wait upon you this Summer; at once to resist your Kindness, and my own Inclination, in my Opinion, is a great Act of Resolution, at least would be so, if I had any Degree of Choice left me: but as it is, I think the enduring my Disappointment a great Trial of my Patience. Mr. GRAVES will witness the
Truth

LETTER VIII.

Mr. WHISTLER to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I Received your kind Letter, and, in Spite of all you have said, I must still think that the Obligation is entirely on my Side, and you have only, in my Opinion, laid a greater Stress upon it by so generously disclaiming it. I am resolved to be pleased with every Thing you say or do, and if I were not, you are resolved I shall. I am very glad you intend me a Visit; but am likewise very sorry, I must beg you to defer it for some Time; our Family talk of going to *Bristol* very soon, and as I have no where else to go, must go with them. If it was in my Power to defer the Journey, I would gladly do it, to wait on Mr. SHENSTONE, at *Whitchurch*; or if I could command the House in their Absence, their Absence and his Presence would be to me a double Happiness. But as it is, I must, at present,
be

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be without a Pleasure, which I hope will not always thus fly from me; I hope the late End of this Summer, and Mr. SHENSTONE, will be both more favourable to me, and if so, I shall reckon that the Spring of the Year is yet to come; I, who place the Seasons entirely in my own Fancy.

I forgot to tell you in my last, that the Princess AMELIA did us the Honour of a Visit at *Whitchurch*, though we were obliged to the Stag for it, who seemed to fly from the Honour she designed him, and had not Ambition enough (as LEE says) to meet the Blow half Way, or be pleased with Death, though in the Royal Presence. It was a terrible Day, and the Princess was wet through; she had rode thirty Miles when I saw her, and she rode thirty Miles after that, which was six o'Clock at Night, in her wet Cloaths, and appeared at the Drawing-Room at St. *James's*, the next Day, which was a Birth-Day.

The Princess (with Submission be it spoke) gave me no Satisfaction, not through any Deficiency in her Demeanour—but from the dissatisfied

satisfied State of Mind. I could be contented with nothing less than you; and I hope you will be so good, as not to let this Disappointment, which I assure you is a great Disappointment to me, be any Objection to my having the Pleasure of your Company another Time. With my Service, which waits on you, I am yours, as much as, I hope, you would have me, *viz.*

Your sincere Friend and humble Servant,

A. WHISTLER.

Excuse me, if I desire to be remembered to good Mrs. ARNOLD, whom I look upon to be an Example of the simple Force of moral Beauty.

Sept. 9.

L E T.

LETTER IX.

MR. WHISTLER TO W. SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE not received your Letter above a Week ago, being but lately come to Town, which is the true Reason why I have not answered it. Few Reasons, and none but good ones shall ever prevent me from presenting my Heart to you: but my Journey hither has been prevented, partly by ill Health, and partly by little, ill-natured, impertinent Accidents—This Suspense had had an equal Effect on my writing to you. I here end my most sincere Apology.

Now for News—I am in *London*; for which Reason, I suppose I must not be excused; tho' I hate it, remember very little, and am most likely to blunder in the Recital of that little. The House of Commons have addressed the King to try MATTHEWS and LESTOCK, and six Captains, by a Court-Martial, and it is thought,

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thought, some of them will be condemned.—
 POOR GARRICK has been dangerously ill of a
 Fever this Week: but now, to my great Sa-
 tisfaction, there are Hopes of his Recovery;
 nay, it is noticed in the *Daily Advertiser*, that
 he will perform a Part next *Wednesday Night*.

I have been to wait on Lord D—. He was
 very civil, and would fain have kept me till
 he had opened his Heart with a Bottle of Wine;
 at least, I imagined his forwarding the Bottle
 was with that Design; but I was engaged. I
 am to call upon him to go to *Ranelagh*—a
 Lord would be a pretty Nosegay in one's Hand,
 if he had the least Variety of Colours; nay,
 if he resembled any one Flower of a single Co-
 lour, except the *Fustus*. Mr. F— I see some-
 times, but he is not very attractive. I always
 did envy you the Power of Laughing at a
 Fool by yourself: but you are a World within
 yourself. Mr. P—K, I spent an Evening with
 lately very agreeably: but he lives so far off,
 at the Court-End of the Town, as separates
 us very much. Mr. P—N I often see, and
 find him a very useful Person. But if you
 were here, both agreeable and useful would
 2 vanish,

vanish, and a far superior Enjoyment take Place. Mr. GRAVES promised to be in *London* for a Week, but his little Politics are, you know, very uncertain. I have struck a bold Stroke since I have been in Town; I mean a laced Coat, for really Waistcoats cost as much, and are no Mark of Distinction after all. Sir T. HEAD comes to Town this Week; but I believe, I shall not stay above a Week longer, so would have you direct to me at *Whitcomb*. I design to go to Court one Night. I must, as you see, write short, my Paper drawing to an End. It is with Pleasure I hear, that old People confess a Play is now worth seeing, and that GARRICK excels BETTERTON, &c. In the Diversity of his Genius, he must far exceed him; when we see him alternately in a *Richard* and *Scrub*, in a *Lear*, and *Abel Drugger*, he is truly astonishing. This Excellence of our dramatic Representations is another Reason to wish you here. CAMPIONI is a charming new Dancer. The *Messiah* was performed last Night, but I could not go.—But I must write no more Tattle. I have just been with Mr. SHUGBOROUGH, and gave him your Orders about the Pamphlets, and have picked out some myself,

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viz. the Odes, the new Play, and the Poem on *Sickness*.

I wish there had been any better Prints to have enclosed in this Letter; I should have been glad to have sent them. The Pamphlets I have ordered to be sent immediately, directed to be left at Mr. AUDLEY's, in *Birmingham*. The Regret I always feel for your Absence will ever instruct me how to value you, that is beyond what the elaborate Conclusion of a Letter can express; therefore I will not endeavour to say how much, but in an unlimited Manner be fond to remain

yours,

A. WHISTLER.

April 13. George's Coffee-house.

I have no gilt Paper at Hand, which is a Fault; pray excuse it. Mr. PEMBERTON is with me, and begs his Service.

L E T-

LETTER X.

Mr. WHISTLER TO W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Mr. SHENSTONE,

I Generally write to you, because I want to hear from you ; but having lately wrote to you, I now write because I want to see you. In short the Case is this : I shall be at *Oxford* in about three Weeks Time, or sooner, and I have Reason to think it will be the last Time I shall be there, I mean in my Gown. Now as I am willing still to retain an agreeable Image of the Place where I have spent so many happy Hours, I make this Request, that you would stamp the last Impression upon my Mind. I beg you would meet me there, and give me the Confirmation of your Friendship, which I shall esteem a greater Honour than all the Degrees the formal Convocation can bestow ; and I think of you, as JUBA does of CATO, and declare, I would rather have your Praise, than Worlds for my Ad-

D 2

mirers.

mirers. I have forgot the Measure, but this is directly my Sentiment.

I lately wrote you a long Letter, as you were so kind to desire; and in so very lazy unintellectual a Manner, that I am sure half the Mortals, who only understand with their Eyes and by the Grammar, could never have comprehended: but I would converse with you Soul to Soul, have a Hint understood by you, and not be obliged to a tedious Period to communicate a Thought to you; I would have my Soul stand naked before you, and shiver at the least Breath of Kindness your most distant Meaning shall breathe on it—

Oh, happy State, when Souls each other
draw, &c. Mr. POPE.

This I am sure your quick Apprehension is capable of; and by a Desire of the strictest Union with you, I am fond to believe as well of myself. You see I am proposing every Scheme which may unite you more closely to me, therefore I beg you will not refuse me the Request I made at the Beginning of my Letter.

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Letter. I will say no more now, but when I am with you, design to talk away as you shall inspire. In the mean Time, I boast, that it is the most sagacious Instinct which pushes me on to subscribe myself

your most affectionate Friend
and humble Servant,

A. WHISTLER.

LETTER XI.

Mr. WHISTLER to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Sir,

AS Hope is the chief Spring of all our Actions, and as Pleasure is the sole Object of that Hope, you must not wonder if the Style of this Letter appears more languid than usual. How quickly is the Transition often made from Hope to Despair! But a little

D 3

While,

While, and I thought I already saw you; and now I am presently fallen into the Desperation of I know not when. The Small-Pox, which generally frightens away every Thing that's agreeable, has made it impossible for me to see you as yet—The last Sentence seems a Compliment to myself; but as I am too lazy to alter it, I beg you would think with me, and interpret every Thing I say in your own Favour. But thus the Devil will have it; the Small-Pox is all over *Oxford*, in every Part of the Town, in most of the Colleges to my Knowledge, and is lately broke out in *Pembroke*. If it had not been for this last Article, I could gladly have confined myself within the Compass of those Walls with you; but as it is, I am forced, like good Men, to submit for a While to human Miseries, and comfort myself with the Thought of my Heaven, though at a Distance; like them too, I have this Satisfaction, that in the mean Time neither the base Moth, or Rust of the World, can corrupt that Part of you in which my Pleasure is situated,

I have

I have a very bad Piece of News to tell you; Mr. G— lies dangerously ill at *London* of a Fever: I am informed his Life is despaired of—I am now in the utmost Concern at it. This Letter is a mere Medley: disagreeable to myself, I don't propose it to be agreeable to you. I only wrote it, to tell you what you must know, and if you can understand it, it is very well. I am not only in the lowest Spirits, but they are also very much confused. I will not now moralize; but this I am sure, we shall both dearly miss Mr. G—. When I hear more, you shall know more. It is now one o'Clock in the Morning, and, as I told you, I wrote this out of Necessity. I cannot be in *Oxford*, though I long to see you. If poor Mr. G— should die, pray be still more kind to me. I am sure, I shall then find a Vacancy in my Breast, which you alone can fill up to my Satisfaction.

Adieu, dear Mr. SHENSTONE!

A. WHISTLER.

Pray write.

D 4

I re-

I received a Letter from you just after I sent you my last, and my Thoughts are at present too confused to answer your last particularly, nor, indeed, will my Time allow it, Only I heartily thank you for it.

Whitchurch, near Reading, Berks.

L E T T E R XII.

MR WHISTLER TO W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Sir,

August 4.

YOUR last kind Letter has for a long Time upbraided me with Negligence, Ingratitude and Stupidity. To the last Part of the Accusation, I plead guilty; for I think I never found myself more stupid than I have been for this Month past, and what I write now, proceeds, not from any Flow of Fancy, but merely from Respect and Esteem. I have
been

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been very much taken up of late, by our Family being at Home: but that Excuse I lay no Stress upon; for I shall never let any, either Business or Pleasure hurry you from my Thoughts. Ill Health can be my only just Apology; and though I cannot say I have been sick, I can assure you, I have not been well for some Time past. Put my Condition in the best Light, I am very much in the Vapours, and so much, as that you or Mr. GRAVES alone can cure me: a Letter from you will go a great deal towards it; though I long for one, I can hardly go on with this Letter, which is the Means to procure it; like one sinking into a fainting Fit, who can't collect Strength of Mind or Body, to reach so much as the Hartshorn to his Nose, which stands at his Elbow. I shall be at *Oxford* in a short Time, and spend as many Days there as I can pass agreeably, and then take my Leave of it. If the Town be healthy, I shall go to *London* the Beginning of the Winter, and stay there just as long as it smiles on me. But all Things seem to frown in the Absence of my Friends, and I wish I don't think the Smiles of the Town impertinent without them.

I wish

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I wish I could be sometimes pleased with less than you, without I could have you always. Pray write soon, and raise my Spirits, for I really am forced now to conclude for Want of them,

Dear Sir,

yours, &c. &c.

A. WHISTLER.

Service to Mr. D—, I sincerely hope he is well.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. WHISTLER to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Sir,

IF you remember, in your last Letter but one, you advised me to read History : accordingly, as I am always proud to follow your Advice, I pitched upon BURNET's *History*
of

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of his own Times. I was over Head and Ears engaged in the Disputes between Cavaliers, Protesters, Resolutioners, and God knows who, when I received your last. Though BURNET values himself particularly on private Intelligence, I had a greater Curiosity, and entertained far greater Hopes of Pleasure, in breaking open your Letter; nor was I at all deceived: I think you wrote, if possible, more agreeably than usual; it raised my Spirits, and at the same Time did more than all King CHARLES's Statesmen could do: set up an absolute Monarchy in my Breast in a Moment, and made you Sovereign there.

Mr. Powys had a Child christened yesterday; it was attended to Church by half a Dozen Coaches, The great Mr. POINTZ was one of the Godfathers, and Mrs. TOWNSHEND, now an Inhabitant of your Parts, the Godmother, by Proxy. Mrs. Powys went out on Pleasure to the last, and if her Horses had not been good, and her Coachman dexterous to ply them with the Whip, she had been brought to Bed in her Coach, as once before she had like to have been at the Play-House.

Alas ! for our poor Friend COB !

Who shall now sit with Countenance serene,
The inoffensive Judge of sacred Song,
At once becalm'd with Port and Poetry,
While the great SOMERVILLE attunes his Lays ?

As to what you mentioned about your Poem ;
you can't think me such a Barbarian, as that I
should expect you should follow my Advice in
every Particular ; I rather think you did me an
Honour in doing it at all. I know the great
Critics have been long endeavouring to be ab-
solute ; but I think it very unreasonable even
in them—and I believe you, as well as my-
self, have too much Spirit to submit to it.
If I can any Ways assist you, by any little
Observations, you shall have my Thoughts,
and make use of them at your Pleasure, for
I am very fond of that Rule, of doing as one
would be done by.—Little Miss L— out-does
TOM TINSELL'S Widow.

If the Town is not vastly unhealthy indeed,
(for I must not regard little Discouragements,
as

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as my Affairs are at present) I shall spend most Part of the next Winter at *London*. You are very friendly, to propose to me the most agreeable Scheme in the World: but I can't possibly see the *Leasowes* this Summer. I believe it is you, not Mrs. ARNOLD, who have all the Wit of your Country; and if all Things naturally attract there alike, in that Respect you will prove a very dangerous Neighbour. I long to see you as much as you can do to see me: but all I can do now, is to tell you so, and that I am, by Honour, Friendship, and every other Obligation,

Yours sincerely,

A. WHISTLER.

Sept. 8.

L E T-

L E T T E R XIV.

MR. WHISTLER TO W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Sir, *Whitchurch, Nov. 8.*

I Received you Pacquet, fraught with every Thing that could delight me. I believe more Wit was never conveyed under the Title of a Peer before; not even excepting your own, which, indeed, you generally export by wholesale in the same Method. Your Letter led me through an Elysian Scene, which delighted me so, that I must beg Leave to take another Turn with you at present therein. There is no Subject I can treat of with so much Pleasure, and, of Consequence, with so much Advantage to myself. In the first Place, Dick J—, in the Point of Light you set him, diverts me; yet Humanity teaches me to feel a Kind of Pity, as for an Animal that sings and hops about the Cage that has just deprived him of his Liberty. LADY LUXBOROUGH I have seen, but not in her Sanctuary, where
she

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she delivers her Oracles, and displays her Eloquence and Elegancies at full. This is what my Soul is a-thirst after; the holy Land of a future Pilgrimage. You have raised a Devotion in me towards her; for we always judge of the Divinity by the Merits of the Priest. By your Description of Mr. THOMSON, I admire him, and rejoice in your Acquaintance with him. I beg you would cultivate it, for it seems like the Dawning of your Fame, whose Merit the stupid World only wants to be awakened to see. If ever you get your due Share of Fame, I insist that you be not a Niggard of it, as many are, but do your utmost Endeavour to communicate it to your Friends—You see I speak in Time.

As for Mr. L—N's Civility, I have no great Faith in it; I fear he has only some private End to serve, as an Election or so: but, however, I would have you nourish it, for it may breed something by Chance—It will be a Credit to you at worst—Chance often promotes Lingerers at Court, who have otherwise very little Hope. It may fall out, that by serving
you,

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you, he may serve himself. I should like to have seen Signor OUTING, poor Man.

I think the *Leasowes* a charming Place in itself; but not knowing how in my Imagination at any Time to separate the Work from the Architect, I believe I give the former infinitely more Adoration than its due, even with all its Improvements. You would often see me gliding across the Glades, if the Soul was visible. You, indeed, have contrived to make your Soul, as it were, visible; and a very beautiful Soul it is; particularly in its last Dress, which became it exceedingly, I mean Elegy—It was mighty well fancied, and diffused a tender, languishing Air, its highest Character: I am much indebted to it for this splendid Visit; splendid I mean in Beauty. The two old Songs likewise were very agreeable to me: but chiefly *Giles Collins*. As for the Song of the *Cat*, I am much obliged to you for it: but I think the Author sunk quite beneath himself towards the End. The Conclusion was too sudden, and not worked up enough, and besides was exceeding dirty; however, it was improved by your Alterations: upon the whole,
I like

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like it, and out of my Devotion for the five first Stanzas, I have added six more, which I submit to your Judgment, whether I have supported the true Spirit of the Fragment. Pray excuse that I have presumed to omit any of your Alterations; because I thought in this new Scheme the Context required it.

I live in Hopes of seeing you at *Whitchurch* this Winter, and of hearing the happy Tidings when; I beg you will let me know some Time before you come, that I may get your Bed in order; I have but one; (it was given me, and is none of the largest; indeed, small, which at present I lament) otherwise I should now give more Invitations; I can entertain but one Friend at a Time: but all my Friends will be sincerely welcome severally. Again I say, I lament the Unsociableness of this Scheme, but it is not in my Power to alter it. Mr. G—'s Affair goes on, I am afraid, unhappily. As for my own Situation, I shall say little, but leave you to take a Survey of it, which I hope you will do soon. I think it is calculated for Happiness, if a Person of the least *Delicateſſe* can be so. I rejoice in all you have

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re-

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rejoiced in, and pray for all you pray for, as becomes

Your most affectionate Friend
and humble Servant,

A. WHISTLER.

Pray write.

My Idea of Miss FLETCHERS is, that they are easy without Impertinence; a high Idea in my Opinion. Pray give my Compliments to Lord D—, if in the Country.

L E T T E R XV.

Mr. WHISTLER to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Sir,

Whitchurch, Nov. 24.

I AM very much obliged to you for your last kind Letter, and received your Absolution with a very contrite Heart, though I assure you my Sin was not wilful; however, it was such as

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I sincerely lamented, even in the Commission ; I should rather say Omission. I am exceeding sorry to find you have so great a Quarrel with *London*. I speak sincerely, when I say, I propose little Pleasure there without you. I said in my last Letter, we might contrive to meet there, as hitherto ; I think we have contrived not to do it, and if we were to meet, I can't but fancy we might make it agreeable to each other. I shall go thither immediately after *Christmas*, and should be glad to wait on you at *Whitchurch*, and from thence to *London*. You certainly conclude me happy, in having Mr. GRAVES so near me, and with Reason. I should think my Scheme of Friendship complete, if you was as near ; but without that Circumstance, it is far from being so. Sir T. HEAD and Mr. GRAVES spent three Days with me last Week to my great Satisfaction.

I have had a Swelling in my Foot, which they tell me is the Gout—God forbid!—but 'tis certainly like it. I intend to go into a Milk Diet immediately, for I am terribly alarmed. If it should prove so, I shall think it a very hard Fate, having been no Drinker, and even

prudent People would say, I have been playing the Devil. Indeed, (as in other Things in Life) my Fancy is so confined by the Smallness of my Possessions, that my Scheme is not very expensive: 'tis all in the *Lilliputian* Stile, and must be so. Though I have tried to give it what Air of Magnificence it is capable of, I suppose it will strut like many of those unfortunate Heroes who happen not to be four Feet and a Half high.

Did Lady LUXBOROUGH approve my Sentiment of enjoying Things best by Reflection? I still maintain my Opinion, and endeavour to justify it thus: What we enjoy by Reflection we have pure, nay, heightened by our own Fancy, at the same Time no Inconvenience attends it; on the contrary, the Pleasure is more poignant by the Contrast. The Thought of an Ice-House in the Summer is refreshing, and the Imagination of *July* is a Cordial in Frost and Snow; besides, you well know Hope is the very Hartshorn of Life, that enlivens every Thing, and particularly attends imaginary Pleasures, but vanishes whenever they become real—By Reflection, I mean Imagination in general.

I have

I have sent you Stanzas on Flowers. If Lady LUXBOROUGH likes them, I shall be proud of hitting the Pallate of a Lady of so high a Taste. I have likewise enclosed another Copy of Verses—though I am in Doubt, whether I did not send them to you last Summer; they were done then. I know you don't love Translations, but I have nothing new besides. I set about them merely as an Exercise one Night, when I was dull and alone, not intending any Thing but tearing them afterwards, for I knew it was a worn-out Subject—But a fatherly Affection took Place, and I did not care for murdering it, though it was a Bastard produced unawares.

N. B. I beg that nothing of mine may appear in Print,

I admire those two Lines of Lady WORTLEY's very much. It is a natural yet uncommon and agreeable Thought. I am pleased with the Compliment you make me, in saying you always wish me with you to partake any Pleasure, and imagine how any Thing extraordinary would

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strike me: I like it, because I know it is a natural, and thereby, a sincere Thought by my own Heart. I am so far gone that Way, that I can hardly enjoy any Thing extraordinary, without my Friends are with me, especially those whom I know it would particularly strike; but next to gratifying a Friend, is the observing, how new and extraordinary Objects work upon a natural Genius; I'll suppose it a Genius; I think it is one of the highest Entertainments in Life; when I can meet with such, and have an Opportunity, I love to read a Play to them, though I know I run the Hazard of being laughed at for my Pains; but I don't care, the Pleasure pays me for all the malicious foolish People can say, and you know the natural Criticisms of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY were not thought unworthy the Notice of the *British Spectator*. For my Part, I have often thought that it is one of the Amusements of the Supreme Being, who planted first the Passions in us, to observe the Workings and Effects of them. A public Audience gives me Pleasure upon Trust, for though I know no one there, I always conclude there are some Geniuses.

I am

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I am of your Opinion, with Regard to Mrs. —, at present; for I think, if her Heart be really engaged, which I very much doubt, Dishonour in Love is the blackest of all dishonest Actions, and of the worst Consequence—But his precursive Steps were the Extremity of Folly, conducted with the Extremity of Folly; but he may be happy (and I wish he may be happy) in any State of Life. I think our Visits to Dick J— are fatal; his own Mother lay a dying when we were at *Henley*. I am very glad to hear you have had so many Amusements. It is always agreeable to me, whenever I hear you have met with a flowery Meadow in your sublunary Walk. If I have any Taste, your *Hercules* is an elegant and truly poetical Poem, and superior to L——'s; if it is not, I resign my Taste, for I'll pin it upon your Poem. I don't pretend to Criticism; but my Passion for SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, POPE, &c. has made me believe, that I have some natural Taste for Beauty. I am much obliged to you for the two genteel Copies of Verses; they are very pretty, and much to my Fancy. As for Odes,

You

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you have expressed my Sense of them all on that of Dr. AKENSIDE; they perplex and fret one more than they please, and may be described by the Title of one of SHAKESPEARE'S Plays, viz. *Much Ado about Nothing*.

I have no News to send you from hence, that will be in the least entertaining to you. I am in Hopes Mr. GRAVES will settle at *Whitchurch* about *Whitsuntide*. I have been much out of Order for this Week, by a Cold that I caught in attending my Works; and my Foot gives me ugly Apprehensions at present. I continually please myself with the Thoughts of seeing you at *Whitchurch*; but would never have you make an Inconvenience of what I would have be a Pleasure to you—I'd have you choose your own Time, that you may be quite unembarrassed: for my Part, I think the sooner the better; only I would beg the Favour of one Line to prevent all ill Accidents. I think 'tis a Method which should ever be used; and I wonder at my own Imprudence, and my own Good Fortune last Time I came to the *Leasowes*. I long to see you, and shall be all this Summer at *Whitchurch*,

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church, ready to receive you. Indeed, if I should have the Gout, as I something fear it, I would let you know, for that would interrupt all our Pleasure. I beg my Compliments to Mr. DOLMAN: you have likewise the Compliments of this Place. With Wishes to see you, and Compliments grounded upon the utmost Sincerity, I am,

Dear Sir,

yours to an Excess,

A. WHISTLER.

Whitchurch, April 13.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. WHISTLER to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Mr. SHENSTONE,

YOU see that I am as eager to answer your Letter as you was to answer mine, and if my Letter gave you Pain, I assure you, that yours has equally perplexed me. I am
in

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in great Hopes, you have misinterpreted my Sense, in Regard to Mr. G——; and by as much as I can recollect, I believe you have. He always speaks of you with the utmost Respect in your Absence, and is much less severe even upon what he calls your little Faults, than when you are present: all that I hinted at, was some little Shyness he lately shewed to me, on the Account which you and I have often mentioned. I have heard you say, you have experienced the same from him on the like Score. But you could not possibly be now included, being absent; no, I assure you, I only spoke of myself; and his Fault towards me would have been imperceptible, but to the Delicacy of Friendship; nor been have worth communicating, but to one whom my Love would animate against the like Failing. I declare to you, the Sentence which included Mr. G——'s Name, was the only one which regarded him; what followed, though I confess that gave Rise to it, was only to shew my different Sentiments, and I own my Esteem for Friendship carried me a great Length. I have been very particular to satisfy you, as well as to justify Mr. G——, and by that Means to justify

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tify myself. I should have never have forgiven myself, if I had been the Cause, though inadvertently, of dividing so much Worth as I have always discovered in you both, and which though separated, it might still continue to bless me, yet when united, like most other Things, it has a more powerful Effect. I would not have Mr. G— know a Word of this, for the most trifling Reflection, when told again, is offensive; nor should I have said what I did, but to a common Friend; in Truth, it is not every-body who possibly might feel it so acutely as myself; but you know my Disposition. I have a Sensibility in my Friendships, that arises even to a *Soreness*, and the slightest Air of Coolness makes me wince. This, though in its Consequences sometimes it may render me displeasing to my Intimates, certainly has its Source in a Merit, namely, in the *Ardour* of my Attachments; and therefore I should hope is easily pardonable. You remember the elegant Line in COTTON'S beautiful Vision of Friendship;

“Cold is the only Ill they fear.”

After

After I had sealed my last, I was afraid it had rather an Air of Compliment than Sincerity; if it had, I assure you, it was only the *Air*, and what the Good-humour, I am always in when I write to you, might inspire me with. You see the Esteem I have for you, by turning Critic on myself in your Behalf. I am now going to mention, what there is no Occasion at all to say, but Friendship is the most incontinent Thing in the World; I have long been sensible of your Worth; that is, ever since I knew you; but I must say, I think it was our last Meeting which entirely united me to you; every Letter of yours since has heightened my Affection for you. I look upon this as my first Absence from you; your Letters are now necessary to supply your Presence; you yourself taught me this Taste of Luxury, therefore it is but reasonable you should support the Expence. In short, I beg you would write soon. I am afraid I shall tire you by so frequent a Correspondence, but I particularly long to know the Success of this Letter.

Dear Mr. SHENSTONE, I am yours, &c.

A. WHISTLER.

L E T.

LETTER XVIII.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq. to Miss LOWE.

Madam,

I Fancy I've been condemned a Thousand Times, on Account of not sending the Tunes. One of them was lent out, and I had not an Opportunity of fetching it till last Week. I don't know whether this Reason will prove sufficient, but I assure you it was the real one. I tore them out of my Book, and on that Account you have some others with them. I was willing you should have them in the best Shape possible, and dare say, you'll improve as much upon them, as I have degenerated from them.

I want exceedingly to hear from you; but you will scarce think it consistent with a rural Reputation to write yourself. 'Tis, indeed, scarce worth while to hazard it, to give me
ever

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ever so great a Pleasure, but I could wish you would here remember the Character of a Town-Lady.—Lord ! How does Miss Urry ? I did not wonder you should mutually envy each other, since you are both so great Objects of Envy : more particularly, as Modesty has taught you to think your own Merit small in Comparison with that of others. *Voilà la seule Source de toute Envie !*—I'm surely vastly impertinent, for I'm not positive you understand *French* : but I guess'd that a Lady, so accomplished in all other Particulars, might. I fancy you've enjoy'd a vast deal of agreeable Gaiety since I left you, whilst I have been wandering about *Harborough's* gloomy Walks and Pools, like a Shepherd “despairing beside a clear Stream.”—Oh ! I want to know, whether or no, for the common Good of our Society in particular, as of our Country in general, it is, and may be lawful to admit, without the usual Number of Members being present at the Solemnity ; for I judge it better to lay aside some Part of the Ceremony, than that any one should die uninitiated—Whether or no as in Baptism—I was truly going too far.—I am
safe

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safe enough, let me go what Lengths I will,
in subscribing myself

the humblest of

your humble Servants,

W. SHENSTONE.

LETTER XIX.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq. to Mrs. A—

Dear Madam,

I Promised to give you some Account what
became of *Cheltenham*, after Mr. A— had
pillaged it of all that was most valuable. Pos-
sibly before this Time, you may have forgot
both my Promise and me, and it may not
be extremely political to renew your Remem-
brance of a Person who has been so long seem-
ingly neglectful. The Truth is, I can no more
bear to be forgot by those I esteem, than I

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can

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can be censured of Forgetfulness with Regard to them, and I know no Way but Writing, by which I can evade both.

Some Sort of Apology I ought to make, that I did not write before; you will therefore please to observe, that I am but just arrived at Home, though I left *Cbeltenham* the Day after you. I stayed, indeed, to hear Mr. B— preach a Morning Sermon; for which I find Mrs. C— has allotted him the Hat, preferably to Mr. C—. Perhaps you may not remember, nor did I hear till very lately, that there is a Hat given annually at *Cbeltenham*, for the Use of the best foreign Preacher, of which the Disposal is assigned to Mrs. C—, to her and her Heirs for ever. I remember (tho' I knew nothing of this whilst I was upon the Place) I used to be a little misdeemful, that all who preached there had some such Premium in their Eye. This Hat, 'tis true, is not quite so valuable as that of a *Cardinal*, but while it is made a Retribution for Excellence in so (if properly considered) sublime a Function, it is an Object for a Preacher in any Degree. I am sorry, at the same Time,

to

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to say, that as a *common Hat*, merely for its *Uses*, it would be an Object to too many *Coun-try Curates*, whose Situations and slender In-comes too often excite our Blushes, as well as Compassion. There should be no such Thing as a *Journeyman Parson*; it is beneath the Dignity of the Profession. If we had fewer *Pluralities* in the Church, this Indecorum might, in a great Measure, be abolished.

Mr. N— (*Squire N—*) I hear is fitting up his Castle at *L—* for the Reception of the little Widow; and the Mercer at *Cheltenham* has completed his grand Arcade, for the better Disposition of his Crapes and Callimancos.

I am an ill Relater of Matters of Fact, and as I said before, did not continue above four and twenty Hours and some odd Minutes upon the Place longer than you that enquire after it: but I survived long enough to hear very frequent Mention of Mrs. A—, Miss CARTER, &c. and such Mention, as has confirmed me in an Opinion, that Persons of real Merit, without any Expence of Airs, &c. will by Degrees engross the Admiration of any Place

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they come into. But this is a Kind of Language you would never indulge me in; you might very securely; for I should never be able to express half the sincere Esteem and Respect with which I am,

Madam,

your most obedient, humble Servant,

W. SHENSTONE.

LETTER XX.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq. to Miss CARTER.

Dear Miss CARTER,

PERHAPS you may remember to have seen an odd Kind of Fellow when you were at *Cheltenham*, who threatened you with a Letter, and who is now endeavouring to be as *bad* as his Word; however he hopes for some little

the Partiality on his Behalf, having delayed the Execution of his Menaces for a considerable Time, and even now promising to say as few Things in your Favour as the real Sentiments of his Heart will admit of.

But Peace to Buffoonery.—After I parted from you, Mr. M—n, with great Simplicity, endeavoured to keep up my Spirits, by speaking in Praise of the Family we had left, as though that was not the ready Method to aggravate the Sense of one's Loss; and yet to aggravate it was utterly impossible in the Opinion of a Person already so sensible of it. But he mentioned one Article which was more successful, and that was a Proposal to accompany me to *Stoke*, and to let me know when it suited his Convenience.

When I came to *Cheltenham*, I was not unmindful of that solemn Vow that I had made, not to survive your Family there a single Hour: but I found it near five o'Clock, and my Conscience said, that as I had made it so late, by my Attendance upon you, though I did stay another Night, I hoped I might be excused.

I have been, since leaving this Town, at Mr. BROWN's, who lives upon the Borders of *Wales*.—Poor Man! He has been the most obliging Person in the World to the most stupid of Companions. 'Tis hardly possible to determine which was greater, the Zeal with which he shewed me his Fossils, Plants, Poetry, &c. or the stupid Inattention with which I observed them. He commends you and Mrs. AUBREY highly; so, indeed, do all I know, or I would soon forget that I had ever seen their Faces. He had found out a Method at last of seducing me to talk, by frequent Mention of your Merits, and it was a good While before I discovered his Artifice; and even when I had discovered it, I was ill able to elude the Force of it.

I am now just returned Home, which is my Apology for not writing to you about *Cbeltenham* as I promised. I really scarce recollect any Circumstance belonging to it, except that you and Mrs. AUBREY were there the most favourable, agreeable, and praise-worthy.

What

What, does Mr. M— boast of the glorious Absurdity he committed at parting, in mistaking my Horse for his? When I see him next, I will produce a Hundred I have been lately guilty of, to no one of which his is able to compare. His, you know, commenced in the very Moment of parting, and consequently was little wonderful, in Comparison of those I have since committed; besides, his Horse had a Spot or two of Brown on him, and was therefore easily mistaken at such a Time for one that was Sorrel all over,

After all, you are a very wicked Lady—you defrauded me of the Croquet you promised me, putting me off with a single Bead; but it was yours, and that's enough. The most trivial Donation from a Person we esteem, has a large Value. I acknowledge to have a great *Penchant* for what the Vulgar call *Keep-Sakes*. The *French* are notably practised in these little Elegancies; we are not so much so, as, I think, a polished People ought to be.

I am, dear Miss CARTER,

Your most sincere Admirer, and humble Servant,

W. SHENSTONE.

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Don't expose the Nonsense-Verbes I gave you;
I entreat you.

L E T T E R X X I .

S. D—, Esq. to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I WAS some Time since at Mr. WHISTLER'S Chamber, when he received a Letter from you, the Sight of which revived in my Mind the pleasing Correspondence you once favoured me with; the Loss of which I much regret.—Do you never think of returning to *Oxford*? Have you left nothing there that may give us Leave once more to expect you? I won't be so poetically complaisant, as to say every Thing appears grieved at your Absence, but I assure you, Sir, there are some that seem sincerely to lament it. I can't compare those little People that have sometimes

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censured you, to any Thing but Ants, who are generally most troublesome in the finest Season. I can't hope, that even a short Stay at C— could be made agreeable, but Novelty is sometimes pleasing; descend then, and see the new Acquaintance I have made, which is like to prove a very lasting one: may yours be no less so!—Mr. GRAVES is in *Gloucestershire*, and Mr. WHISTLER, God knows where, and you unkindly conceal from me the Place of your Residence. I shall direct this wandering Epistle as usual, but imagine, if it is so fortunate as to find you, it will be in your Hermitage, where I presume you are before this retired, Were I Mr. WHISTLER, with what Pleasure should I leave the World, and all its Vanities, for Mr. SHENSTONE and a Cell—Though I must own, your Intention of making Mr. L—n immortal, by a Dedication, and singing the Praises and Virtues of the Court, seem to cherish gayser Thoughts than suit that peaceful Station. Whether Hermit or Courtier, be assured that whatever conduces to your Happiness is sincerely wished by me.

C—, January 29, 1717. S. D—

L E T-

L E T T E R XXII.

S. D—, Esq. to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I CAN omit no Opportunity of shewing my Desire of continuing a Correspondence that has always given me so much Pleasure. I wrote you a Letter some Time ago, and should have used so little Ceremony, as to have troubled you with another, had I known in what Part of the World you was. If you know any Thing of Mr. G—, I should be glad to hear something of him; I am informed that he is a Curate in some Village very remote—It is a great Pity, so much Merit should be no better rewarded. We have been returned from *London* about three Weeks: if I had known you were in Town, I should have left it with much more Reluctance. If you come into *Oxfordshire* this Summer, I hope you will favour me with a Visit at G—, which will be a very great Pleasure to us all.

You

You cannot imagine how happy you have made me, in giving me Hopes of enjoying a Sight of your Poems; from which I am sure of reaping a Pleasure which can admit of no Addition, but by receiving them from your own Hands. I am glad to hear that Mr. G— is settled so much to his Satisfaction: if he is at *All Souls*, I hope I shall see him before he leaves *Oxford*.

I have lately lost a very agreeable Relation and sincere Friend. Perhaps you have heard Mr. WHISTLER mention Miss B—: she died at C— about three Months since, after a short Illness of two Days; which added so much to the melancholy Situation here, that we were obliged to fly to Town for Amusements. I came down ten Days since, and shall return again to-morrow, for about a Week longer. May I hope, dear Sir, to find a Letter here from you? I am sure the reading of it will give me more real Pleasure than any Company or Diversion I can propose to find in *London*. I am sorry to send you any News that will give you Concern; but can't help
telling

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telling you, that I hear poor Mr. R. G— is dangerously ill of a Fever in Town. Mr. WHISTLER has left *Oxford*, on Account of the Small-Pox, which is very much there, and at present in *Pembroke College*.

Notwithstanding this unseasonable Weather, I must beg leave to put you in Mind of your Promise, and enquire when it is you design us the Pleasure of your Company in *Oxfordshire*; where you will meet with a great many who will rejoice much to see you, and none more than your

affectionate Friend

and humble Servant,

S. D—,

L E T.

LETTER XXIII.

A. B. Esq. to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

FOR the Soul's Food, strengthened by the more substantial bodily Food, I have for these nine Days past imbibed at your Villa, the *Leasowes*, I am much obliged to my dear Mr. SHENSTONE: Time will not, however, at present, allow me to bestow more of my Eloquence on you for it; you must therefore be satisfied with "the Altar of Gratitude," I have it in my Head hereafter to erect to your Honour.

We are invited to stay at *Hagley* on *Monday* next—Dinner at two o'Clock—May I expect the Pleasure of meeting you there? If you have had a Card let me know, *per* Bearer, that I may not, as I do now, groan with Apprehensions of the Day. His most excellent of Excellencies, the Governor, and Mistress HESTER, stay till the latter End of *September*, so you will

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will certainly be honoured with them at the *Leasowes*.

My best, and I think I may say, my only dear Lord, Lord D—, was here on *Friday* last, with Intent to dine and spend the Day; but as I was from Home, went to *Hagley*, and dined with the Lord LYTTLTON, at the worthy Admiral SMITH'S.

Oblige me with desiring DOBSLEY to bid his Brother send me the *Annual Registers*, bound, as we agreed on this Morning, and lettered, when he sends me *The World*, &c.

Did I not know you above even the least Degree of Policy to your Friends, I should suspect, that you sent me Lady LUXBOROUGH'S Letters to intimate to me, *what* so dull a Correspondent, and insipid a Friend as myself, *must expect*, when you could bear Accusations of Negligence, in answering such agreeable and sprightly Letters, as those of her Ladyship; and I could almost wish, though the Perusal of them gave me the greatest Pleasure, that you had not favoured me with a Sight of them;

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as I cannot help drawing *Omens* from them to myself the most dreadful: if you did not then mean me *ill*, in your obliging Compliment of the Sight of them, let me see or hear from you soon; and tell me, that though you have heretofore slighted a Lady's Favours, you will not neglect a sincere Friend, who admires and esteems you more than (from what I think I have heard you say of her Ladyship) *she could*. But to wave this, and leave you to your own Generosity; I must thank you for yours of *March* 26th; had I not depended on your Promise in it, I should have again troubled you e'er this: but I must now tell you, that I hope the Week after *Easter* Week, for the Pleasure of your Company here, and if convenient, to take a Bed with us. In the Holidays, I apprehend we shall have Holiday Company, which will be neither agreeable to *you* nor *us*; as we shall not by such Interruption be able to pay the Attention we ought, and are ever desirous of paying to so agreeable a Friend as Mr. SHENSTONE.

I like the Binding of your MILTON much;
but not to compliment, dislike the Cuts as
much,

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much, for I really think the Engraver has made our first Parents frightful Figures, and the Angels and Devils almost equally lovely—Could you get mine bound as yours, without the Cuts, should be much obliged to you.

I have retired from Company, we have in the House, to write this Scrawl; this, I hope, will be an Excuse for it, and convince you, that I am resolved never to lose any Opportunity of assuring dear Mr. SHENSTONE, that I am

most sincerely,

his affectionate Friend,

A. B—

Have taken the Liberty of keeping Lady LUXBOROUGH's Letters some Time longer for Mrs. B—'s Perusal; who joins with all here in best Compliments to the *Leasowes*.

Wednesday Evening.

I should

I should be glad if you could procure me half a Ream of Mr. BASKERVILLE's best plain thin writing Paper; I mean gilt, but not bordered.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Mr. J. WHISTLER to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

SIR,

Whitchurch, May 26.

I MAKE no Doubt, but you will be much surpris'd at the Receipt of this, and likewise greatly concerned at the melancholy Occasion of it. As the Friendship subsisting between you and my Brother has been of so long standing, I should be glad to communicate its Contents to you more gently by some other Hand; but for Want of a Friend in your Neighbourhood, who has the Honour of your Acquaintance, must do it myself in the least affecting Manner I am capable.

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The

The Beginning of this Month, my Brother was taken ill of a sore Throat, which continued for some Days, without any apparent Symptoms of Danger; indeed, towards the last it was judged the Disorder was throwing itself off: but to the great Surprise of every one, a Mortification in his Inside was then begun, and came on so fast, that it was out of the Power of Art, to stop it, of which he expired the 10th. In *April*, I had the Pleasure of his Company at *Bristol* for a few Days, with my Father, when amongst other agreeable Schemes for this Summer's Amusement, he proposed to himself very great Pleasure, from paying Mr. SHENSTONE a Visit—But Man proposes and God disposes. I have lost a very good kind Brother; therefore hope those who were his Friends will continue their Friendship to me for his Sake, which I shall always endeavour to deserve. To give you this melancholy Information is a painful Duty; but it is what I am compelled to pay. I can, in some Measure, conceive the many afflicting Recollections which will arise in your humane Mind, on this Event! Your Friendship and Correspondence
sub.

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subsisted a considerable Time, and with reciprocal Satisfaction. He was unquestionably endowed with natural good Sense, well improved by Education and Reading, of a lively pleasing Fancy, and a benevolent Heart. He was, in short, what your Pen might most exquisitely describe, but what mine is unequal to.

I beg your Acceptance of a Ring, in Remembrance of him, which shall be conveyed to *Birmingham* the first Opportunity. My Father desires his Service. My Wife likewise joins with me in Compliments. I am, Sir,

your obedient, humble Servant,

J. WHISTLER.*

* The Editor can give no precise Account of the Dates of Mr. WHISTLER's Letters. This last, however, from his Brother must have been written in the Year 1754; that being the Year which deprived him of so valuable a Brother, and Mr. SHENSTONE of such an amiable Friend and Correspondent. According to this Calculation, these Letters of Mr. WHISTLER should have come earlier in this Collection, but they did not come Time enough into the Editor's Hands. The same Reason must also be advanced for some other Letters being misplaced in Point of Time; but as the several Subjects are independent of each other, it is an Error (the Editor presumes) which the Reader will more readily excuse.

LETTER XXV.

A. B. Esq. to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Mr. SHENSTONE,

I Should with Pleasure have obeyed your kind Command, and troubled you with a Letter before this, but that I waited to give you some Account of your Friends here. I saw Mr. DODSLEY soon after I came to Town; he seems a very good Sort of Man, and I like him much; I believe he is quite satisfied with the Success of his Play, for he is in good Health and Spirits.* Mr. WREN I could not meet with, till *Friday* last, when I found him very busy with half a Dozen young Anatomists, (for such I presume they were) and Pen, Ink, and a Ream of Paper before them; had I been free enough with your Friend, I should certainly have enquired, what weighty Discoveries they had been engaged in, for they all looked prodigious wise when I entered the Room; but I was soon left *Tête-à-Tête* with

* The Tragedy of *Cleone*, produced at *Covent-Garden* Theatre.

Mr.

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you. The Letters you were so good as to send me, are safe locked up in my Bureau, and shall be returned when we meet; I took the Liberty of keeping them, as I had no Opportunity of sending to the *Leasowes* before I set out for *London*: if you have any Commands here, I hope you will oblige me with them, and when you are at Leisure, let me hear from you: but DODSLEY tells me, you are re-perusing your Elegies, (he hopes for the Press) and I would not interrupt you from such Engagements for the World, as you have too long deprived the Learned and Tasteful the Pleasure of admiring them.

Adieu, dear Mr. SHENSTONE; believe me

yours most sincerely,

A. B.

The Hurry of *London* to a Man who proposes spending but seven Weeks in it, will, I hope, plead excuse for this Scrawl.

Sunday, Jan. 21.

L E T-

LETTER XXVI.

A. B—, Esq. to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

I Can't but think you wrong, my dear SHENSTONE, though placed, as you seem to think now,

Far from all Resort of Mirth,
Save the Cricket on the Hearth;

you, who have in your Mind such an inexhaustible Fund of Amusement, refined Amusement, in envying so inferior an Animal as your Friend A. B—, whose chief Happiness, even in *London*, *ought* (I shrewdly suspect) to be that he can call you, and one more *worthy* Man, (you know who I mean) his Friends. The Pleasures of *London*, I think I may say, the innocent ones, lose much of their Power to please, unless participated with those who have refined Sense enough to enjoy and partake those delicate Feelings with a Friend—few such are ever to be found here, and without such, where's the Society? Diffipation, my Friend, is the ge-

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neral or chief Amusement of this Town, to the Generality of People; and though it abounds with Amusements and Pleasures truly rational, yet by a too frequent, if not corrupted Use, these very Pleasures become irrational; such they are to the Generality of my Acquaintance, and though I hope I do not pretend to be wiser than they, yet I cannot feel a Pleasure in going with them to Entertainments of the noblest Kind, where I must not attend, but join with them in endeavouring to draw off the Attention of others, to my Companion or self; for this Reason then, I generally go to a Play, &c. by myself, and by this very Means, lose much of the Pleasure I should otherwise receive from it. I wish, "with
 "all my Heart," as the true *Englishman's* Phrase is, that you could, with Convenience to yourself, come to Town; but I will not pity you, who can so well divert yourself in any Place, because you cannot come. Let Wretches unblest with a Mind rich as yours, with a Sensibility capable of receiving Delight, from every common Occurrence, be sincerely pitied, pitied without the ungenerous Contempt, that you intimate is so generally its Attendant: but be you,
 my

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my Friend, the Envy of all who are meanly capable of so low a Passion, and the Admiration of every honestly-distinguishing Heart. Your Mind, my Friend, is rightly formed for true Happiness; be yourself, and be happy—but I grow impertinently officious; could you look into my Heart, such Officiousness would, from your Good-nature, meet with the Pardon I think I might say it deserves; for that I am so, is that I can with the greatest Sincerity subscribe myself

your faithful and affectionate Friend,

A. B—.

Saturday Night, Feb. 9.

Excuse this Scrawl; and if a great deal of Nonsense, excuse that too, for I have not Time to peruse it, the Post-Bell now ringing.

I purpose leaving *London, Monday* Se'en-night; oblige me with a Line in Answer to this before I set out; if you can conveniently.

L E T.

LETTER XXVII.

A. B—, Esq. to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Mr. SHENSTONE,

TO answer your kind Letter as I wish is not in my Power; let it suffice then, to remind you, that where the Heart really feels most, Silence is the only Eloquence she can use.

Why will you not agree with me in the Want I complained of? Had I not felt it, I should not have troubled you with it. What Answer can you make, when I tell you, that my choicest Friend, Lord D—, from a Tenderness of Sentiment, never frequents the Amusements you and I admire, and think innocent ones? Find me another Friend like him capable of delicately feeling, and participating every rational Pleasure, (yourself excepted) to be the Companion I wished for, and I'll grant your Plea of "Indecision;" till you can do that, come over to my Side of the Question.

As

As to Affairs in Town, I will not utter a Syllable concerning them till I see you here; only I must tell you, that *London* daily walks nearer *Mary-le-Bone* than you or I could have believed so corpulent a Lady able to do.

The *Ramblers* and *World* I read this last Summer, and was much entertained with both, tho' I think the former greatly the Superior; and had I not thought it Presumption in me to recommend any Author to you, I perhaps might, in worse Language, have urged your reading them, as you have so kindly mine.

I have sent your Pencils *per* Bearer; but must beg to keep *La Pompadour* some Time longer, as I have not quite done with her; nor, indeed, is it fit so great a Lady should travel but in a Carriage; come and fetch her then in your Chaise, or we shall be reckoned greater Boors, by the polite Countrymen, than we already are.—Adieu; be Happiness ever yours!

Your affectionate Friend,

A. B—.

All

All here join in best Compliments to the
Leasowes.

March 7.

P. S. The underwritten Quotation from
THOMSON struck Mr. B— so strongly as he
passed by the *Leasowes* some Time ago, that
he hopes Mr. SHENSTONE will excuse his trou-
bling him with it.

As nearer to this Farm you made approach,
He polish'd Nature with a finer Hand;
Yet on her Beauties durst not Art encroach,
'Tis Art's alone these Beauties to expand;
In graceful Dance immingled o'er the Land,
Pan, Pales, Flora and *Pomona* play'd:
An happy Place!

L E T-

LETTER XXVIII.

A. B—, Esq. to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Mr. SHENSTONE,

YOU make me very happy, by the kind Turn you give to the unfashionable Reserve I told you in my last I labour under. I am sincerely desirous of being dear to you; and if the "*eadem velle atque eadem nolle*" is a good Omen of a lasting Friendship, I have good Reasons to hope, that the Names of W. SHENSTONE and A. B— will ever be mutually esteemed by each other; for without meaning a Compliment, but to my own Judgment, I really think, to know what you like or dislike, some *few* Persons excepted, is sufficient to make me do the same: but I beg for the future, when you mention the Valuable *London* robs the Country of, at this Season, you will not immediately add, that Lord P— is just set out from N— on his Way here.

Apre-

A-propos! You tell me you are busy in regulating your Library; will not you laugh at me, if I draw a Comparison, and tell you that I am engaged at present in a similar Affair? Regulating the Friends I henceforward design admitting into my Heart's inmost Recess. You, I dare say, even in *your* Library have admitted some Rubbish, you will now throw out; how much then must I, who from a very Child have been a Kind of Enthusiast in Friendship, have to cleanse from my Esteem? Indeed, I find upon Examination, I have been much out in my Collection, and have ranked many *fugacious Pamphlets*, as JOHNSON calls them, as First-rate Authors; but I shall make a total Rummage, and hope, for the future, my Taste will be more refined; indeed, I do not fear it, for I have chosen your Worship sole Librarian of the Place; and to say the Truth, I find you so delicate a Gentleman, that you have routed every other living Soul, (my own *nearest* Relations excepted) nor can I find that you will admit any one else to enter the poor Cell you have the Charge of but Lord D—: well, well, you are quite right; I shall have enough
to

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to do to value you two as I ought; you *two* shall be my Study, and if I don't improve enough from reading you, it will be my Fault: for the Pamphlets, I shall dip into them occasionally, at an idle Hour, unless a female one demands my closer Application; but I promise you, I shall be very cautious in my Choice of her.

I am much obliged to you, for offering to introduce me to the Acquaintance of Dr. G—. I should eagerly lay hold of the Favour, but that I purpose leaving *London* on *Monday* the 26th of this Month, and shall not have Time to pay him the Attention I owe every Friend of Mr. SHENSTONE's.

I have from your Recommendation read the History of *La Pompadour*, and like it very well; it seems authentic, though not much to the Honour of the *Dame* or *Louis le Grand*.

I shall expect two Letters from your Worship, in answer to my last Nonsense and *this*, and pray, good Sir, do be not so very concise. Mr. SHENSTONE, believe me, is worse Company

pany than any Man, when *he* is silent; most People know how agreeable every Word he says is, and when he is pleased to be mute, cannot but be uneasy. According to this, you'll say, your Friend wishes you to kill yourself with talking; not so—but he refers the Whole to your better Judgment, who knows best (when your modest Humility does not too much interfere) how to do every Thing with the best Grace.

If you have by you your *Ode on Autumn*, or *Damon's Bower*, and care to trust them by the Bearer, you will do me a great Favour in sending them. If you can venture out of your agreeable *Shell* at the *Leasowes*, and (provided you are preparing your Elegies for the Press) will bring them with you, not letting the Favour you do us delay the Pleasure you will give the polite World in publishing them, we shall think ourselves happy in accommodating you with a warm Room, Pen, Ink and Paper, in this Part of the World.

I return the Dukes of SOMERSET's Letters, which I have perused with great Pleasure, particularly

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ticularly those which give the Honour due to my Friend, Mr. SHENSTONE.

You have the joint good Wishes of our present contracted Fire-Side.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate,

A. B—.

LETTER XXIX.

A. B—, Esq. to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Sir,

THE Compliment you make me, of deferring me to correct, abridge, &c. &c. the Sheets you have so obligingly sent me, puts me so much in Mind of MOLIERE's reading his Plays to his old Woman, before he produced them

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to

to the Stage, that I can hardly persuade myself, though I am but just turned twenty-seven, and have a good Pair of Mr. DEHENNIC's favourite *Lamb/kin* Breeches on, that I am not of the other Sex, and at least seventy : as such I have presumed to give you my Opinion freely, (which you will find first interspersed on little Bits of Paper, among your Proof-Sheets) and I desire you will not esteem it in any other Light. I am vain enough of the Friendship you have distinguished me with, and I desire you will not let your kind Partiality make me more unworthy of it than I am, by adding to my Vanity. As a Poet I admire, and as a Friend I love you : but you must not apply to me, for what I am not able, with any Credit to myself, to oblige you in. I am glad you sent DODSLEY's fourth Volume, as I parted with my Set of his Poems this Summer to a Friend, who begged them of me. Am much obliged to you, for the Print of your Grove, and though I think it makes not near the Figure on Paper so lovely a Scene would be imagined to do, shall value it much,

I ought

I ought to make many Apologies for keeping the Books you were so kind as to lend me, so long; but in such Estimation do I hold every Thing that comes from the *Leaves*, that a common Attention to it will not satisfy me, and I cannot readily part with it in haste; this then must excuse me to you, and I flatter myself it will, as I know you are my Friend.

Adieu, dear Mr. SHENSTONE. The sooner you favour us with your Company, the more you will oblige us all.

Your very faithful

and affectionate,

A. B—.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. DODSLEY to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Mr. SHENSTONE,

Dec. 30.

I Am very forry you have been so much indisposed since I left you. Bleeding, Vomiting, Purging, the Doctor, and the Disease, are too many Enemies for a Man to struggle with at once; and I heartily wish you Joy of your Victory against such apparent Odds. I am sure, I have very little Reason to suppose, you make Sicknefs a Plea for Laziness, since you have taken infinitely more Pains on my Account, than you seem disposed to take on your own. Pray think of this, and learn to love yourself as well as you do your Friends; pay as much Regard to your own Fame as you do to theirs, and the World will be obliged to you.

I received a Letter from Mr. EAVES; he tells me, the Fables are finished, and that they
will

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will come up to Town this Week. I shall be very glad of it; for I find even then, that I shall not be able to publish before *February*. You tell me the Portrait is *only* delayed till you can see ALCOCK—Can it be delayed to a more uncertain Time? You do not imagine how many Friends are longing to see it; and here the Winter is passing away, and I am losing the Pleasure of obliging *your* Friends as well as my *own*. I hope I shall see Mr. H—when he comes to Town. I expect Mr. D—soon after New-Year's Day—Would to God you would come with him! Now is *your* Time to make Interest for Preferment, as Merit seems, at present, the best Recommendation to Favour. Come, and give the Ministry an Opportunity of doing themselves Credit. With the Compliments of the Season, and my best Wishes in all Seasons, I conclude, and am,

Dear Sir,

ever affectionately yours,

R. DODSLEY.

H 3

L E T,

L E T T E R XXXI.

Mr. DODSLEY to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Mr. SHENSTONE,

HOPING by this Time you are in a fair Way of Recovery, I venture to write to you. Indeed, I was extremely alarmed by the Account Dr. ASH gave me of you in his first Letter, and also by a Line from Miss H—: but by a second Letter from the Doctor, and by a Note afterwards from Mr. BASKERVILLE, I received some Hopes of your Recovery, tho' not enough to encourage me to write to yourself, for fear of the worst. I have been extremely uneasy indeed, and still continue so. Pray let MOLLY, or somebody, give me a Line, to satisfy me how you are. Don't offer to write yourself, if it be the least uneasy to you: I will be satisfied with hearing from any Hand that you are better, and when you are able to write yourself, I shall be happy. Lord S— is come to Town, and in a Day or two I purpose to wait on him. I have not yet seen

Sir

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Sir H. E—: I think I had better see Lord S— first. God preserve you, and send you a speedy Recovery.

I am ever most affectionately yours,

R. DODSLEY.

Feb. 12.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Mr. DODSLEY to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I AM sorry I hurried my Essay out of your Hands, before you had done with it; but if I think of publishing my Fables next *October* or *November*, it is high Time I should put both to Press now, that the Printer may have good Weather to print in, and that the Work may have Time to dry, after it is finished, before the Books are bound. But as it

H 4

happens,

happens, I cannot begin till the latter End of this Month, as the Printer is not at Leisure; however, I have put my Plates in Hand, and they are going on as fast as possible. I never received Mr. ALCOCK's Drawings; so I have got two others executed, of somewhat a different Design. I will not put the Essay in Hand till the last, which may, perhaps, be about *July*, as I shall be very desirous of its having the Advantage of your Corrections. But am I not to hope for a new Fable or two from you? You see how I dwindle in my Expectations: but pray don't let me be *quite* disappointed. I propose, if possible, to finish the Printing of my Fables before I set out on my northern Expedition. Mr. M—, and his Lady, will be at *Nottingham* about the latter End of *August*; they have wished I would meet them there, and in their Return to Town, bring them round by the *Leasowes*. Mr. BURKE* has also a strong Inclination to meet us there; so that possibly we may be happy enough to spend a Day with you; another must be spent at Lord LYTTTELTON's, (as they are both ac-

* Author of *the Sublime and Beautiful*.

quainted with him) and a third at *Birmingham*. I shall hate the Name of D— as long as I live: he is crooked in all his Ways; but the Devil will fet strait with him one Day or other. I have not seen a Page of Mr. PERCY's Novel, and therefore cannot at all explain it to you; but I suppose he makes no Secret of it. I wish Mr. GRAVES would finish his.—And will you really consent to an Exchange of Pictures? Upon my Word, you make but a sorry Bargain for yourself: however, to give you as little Reason as may be to regret your Compliance, I will sit to one of our best Artists; and to supply the Want of Merit in the Original, will endeavour to give as much as I can to the Copy. If you have any Thing to suggest on this Subject, (as you seem to hint) you will be so good as to let me have a Line, because, as soon as I am able to get abroad, which I hope will be in a few Days, I intend to consult with REYNOLDS* about it. Ay, I forgot to tell you, that I have been confined this Month with the Gout; every Man has his D—N; *that* is mine. I am glad your

* The present Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Likeness is a strong one; and I think the Attitude, you are drawn in, is a good one; pray, is that the Picture you intend for me? The Writer of *Tristram Shandy* is a Mr. STERNE, one of the Prebendaries of *York*. As to Mr. BASKERVILLE's *Bible*, he will easily be dissuaded from the marginal Ornaments; but the Title-Page is a Favourite, and for my Part, I have not much Objection to it. Mr. WEBB's Book, on *Painting and Painters*, is reckoned ingenious, and if you like the Subject, will be worth your Perusal. *Antient and Modern Rome*, I also think a good Poem. My Compliments to Mr. HYLTON, and all Friends.

I am ever,

Dear Sir,

most faithfully yours,

R. DODSLEY.

L E T-

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LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. DODSLEY to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Mr. SHENSTONE,

June 17.

I WAS yesterday searching for Figures for your two Niches—I have found three Pair, the Figures good, that will do as to Size, viz. the ANTINOUS I mentioned, and the APOLLO with his Arm over his Head; a FLORA and a CERES; and a HOMER and VIRGIL. The ANTINOUS and APOLLO are two Feet high, FLORA and CERES twenty-three Inches; and HOMER and VIRGIL twenty-one. These last are each of them leaning upon a Pedestal; on one of which, in *Basso Relievo*, is Troy in Flames; on the other, ROMULUS and REMUS sucking a Wolf. These are both pretty Figures; and don't you think them better Ornaments for a Library, and more suitable Companions for SAPPHO, than either of the others? A Line by the Return of the Post, will just give me Time to get which of them you choose
finished,

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finished, and sent to you, before I set off for *Nottingham*, for I find I must go thither before I come to the *Leasowes*; but I shall stay only a few Days. I had a Letter from my Friend Mr. M—, by the last Post, who is at *Nottingham*, and I find him wavering in his Resolutions, about coming by the *Leasowes*. I am glad you like my Design for the Picture: and how agreeably you have contrived to flatter me about it! But say what you will, I shall have a Picture of Mr. SHENSTONE; you will have one only of DODSLEY; and a SHENSTONE by ALCOCK, will certainly be more valuable than a DODSLEY even by REYNOLDS. I read to him that Part of your Letter which related to him; he desires his Compliments, and would be glad, if you came to Town, that you fate to him. I hope I shall be able to send the Picture to you, before I set out on my Journey; but it is not yet finished.

I am,

affectionately yours,

R. DODSLEY.

L E T-

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. DODSLEY to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Mr. SHENSTONE,

June 24.

HOW much am I obliged to you for the Pains you have taken in translating LA MOTTE's Discourse on Fable! and though I fancy you will find, upon comparing the two, that I have made a good Deal of Use of it, I shall be very glad to have more of it interwoven, if you shall think I have not sufficiently extracted the Essence of it. I must own, my Pride (or call it my Folly, if you please) would rather choose to prefix somewhat of my own on that Subject, than servilely adopt the Thoughts of a *Frenchman*, though I acknowledge them to be very ingenious. Besides, I have had the Hardiness to differ with him in some Respects, which makes it still more improper to take his whole Discourse. Proceed, therefore, if you please, in correcting my Essay; and interweave with it as much

more of *LA MOTTE* as you may think proper. If you defer this till I come down, which I wish you would not, pray in the mean Time think of half a Dozen new Fables, that we may not have too much to embarrass us when together. My Face is quite finished, and I believe very like. I fancy I shall send it, together with the Figures, on *Monday* Se'en-night; but I shall not be able to set out myself till *Monday* Fortnight, and staying a Week or ten Days at *Nottingham* and *Mansfield*, will detain me from the *Leasowes* till the latter End of next Month. If the Picture should be turned yellowish, by being packed up, Mr. *REYNOLDS* advises, that it be set in the Sun for two Hours, which will quite recover it. Why did you leave the Choice of your two Figures to me? How could you put me under such a Difficulty? If I have done wrong, you will suffer for it; and say what you will, I have not sufficient Firmness of Taste to direct me right; besides, I do not exactly remember the Niches: it is therefore your Fault to trust me; and if I have erred, your Duty to forgive me. I have ordered the *HOMER* and *VIRGIL* to be bronzed: they are very pretty
Figures;

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Figures ; and if you have, as you say, no other Objection to them, but the Want of two or three Inches more of Height, I hope some Means may be found to obviate so small a Deficiency. I should not, however, have ventured to send them, but that you seemed, at last, to acquiesce in their being sent. I think, however, I have been somewhat happy in my Urns ; and I am not without Hopes, that you will approve the whole Cargo. The Folio-VIRGIL will come in the same Package. I feel myself very happy in the Thoughts of seeing you soon, and will hasten the Day as much as is in my Power. I hope Mr. BASKERVILLE will be quite ready for me ; I shall send him the Paper in a Fortnight. I am

faithfully yours,

R. DODSLEY.

L E T.

L E T T E R .XXXV.

Mr. DODSLEY to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

Dear Sir,

June 25.

YOUR Picture really affords me many pleasing Reflections, and I have ordered the Frame to be full gilt, whilst I am out of Town, that it may not give you any unpleasing ones. I am going to *Derby* and *Nottingham* for three Weeks or a Month: I can't stay longer, as I must attend to the Press, having put my Fables in Hand for a new Edition. I have last *Monday* sent you PERCY's Novel; I sent it unbound, as we had not Time to bind it: it will not be published till the Beginning of next Winter. I have sent you the *Fables*, bound in *Morocco*, and the common Edition in Boards, for your future Corrections: but I would not have you begin till you see the next Edition, as I hope you will find it altered somewhat for the better; I will send you one of them as soon as it is printed.

You

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You will find, likewise, in the Parcel, SOAME JENNYNS's Works, and a Pamphlet or two; also the Fables, with your Drawings in them, many of which I like extremely; that at the Head of the second I approve the least: but those that are placed in the Life, I think should be transferred to the Head and Tail-Pieces of the Fables—but there will be Time enough to talk of this hereafter. As to Italics, I believe I shall steer a middle Course, and make Use only of a few. I send you a List of some Statues, about the same Size with that Pair you have;

DEMOSTHENES	LOCKE	CHAUCER	SHAKESPEARE
and	and	and	and
CICERO,	NEWTON,	SPENCER,	MILTON.

When you have fixed upon which Pair you will have, you will let me know whether you will have them white or bronzed, and what Kind of a Bronze.

I really don't know how to appease Mr. W—. I told him, I was very sorry I had pretended to meddle with his Ode, and begged

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his

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his Pardon. He is still unappeased, writes me another angry Letter, and desires me to give him my Reasons for every Alteration; this it is impossible for me to do, as I have forgot how it originally was; and I really think it of very little Consequence, as no Name appears to it.

Mr. STUART is just now with me, and desires his Compliments. He thinks of seeing your Place the latter End of the Summer, and believes the Attorney-General, Mr. PRATT, will be with him. I have just been struck with the bad News, that Mr. — has lost his Wife. You will perceive I write in a Hurry; Mr. STUART sits by me.

I am

ever affectionately yours,

R. DODSLEY,

L E T,

LETTER XXXVI.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq. to Mr. HULL,
at *Birmingham*.

I DESIRE my Compliments to Mr. HULL and Miss MORRISON, with many Thanks for the Pleasure I received from last Night's Play.* It was, indeed, acted with great Spirit, and as far as I could judge, afforded the Audience no small Satisfaction—not, perhaps, equal to what they derived from the Appearance of the Dun Cow, &c.† for that is hardly to be expected.

I think the Play has now so much *good* in it, that it may be worth Mr. HULL's while

* A hasty and imperfect Compilation of some Scenes, on the Subject of ROSAMOND, which, however, laid the Ground-Work of the present Tragedy, acted at *Covent-Garden Theatre*. The Public may easily discern how fully the Author has availed himself of the kind and judicious Hints contained in the Letter before us.

† Introduced in a Pantomime performed the same Evening.

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to give it a few more finishing Touches. Suppose a Confessor or Friar, either out of Hatred to the Queen, view to his own Advancement, or any *selfish* Motive (which he might explain in a short Soliloquy) persuaded ROSAMOND to aspire to the Throne, and to urge the King to a Divorce; that ROSAMOND should avow her Abhorrence of such Injustice to the Queen, intimating, that her Love had no other Object than the King's Person and heroic Virtues; that this Refusal should affront the Friar, who in Revenge should inform the Queen, that ROSAMOND actually *had* those very Intentions with which he had been endeavouring to inspire her, &c. This would throw more Plot into the Play, (which it wants) would more sufficiently account for the Queen's sudden Change, from a mild Character to a revengeful one, and, as Mr. HULL thinks the Play too short, would add two new Scenes. Some further Improvements I would recommend in the Clofe, and a few more Places; but Mr. HULL's further *Attention* to the Play, will render it needless to point them out to him.

If you should ever complete this Undertaking to your Liking, and produce the Piece
on

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on a *London-Stage*, I would recommend, that you should by all Means give it a double Title in the printed Bills; namely, *HENRY the Second, or the Fall of ROSAMOND.*

I should esteem it as a Favour, if Mr. HULL would send me down a Copy of the Prologue and Epilogue as they were spoken; which I will not communicate without his Permission. Either his or Miss MORRISON's Muse seems to favour them at a Minute's Warning.

Mr. HODGETTS, with whom I am at present, would be glad that Mr. HULL would dine here, about two; and so should I, if it be no way inconvenient to him.

I had almost forgot to thank you for the Stanzas you left at the *Leasowes*, when I was on a Visit to *Hagley*. They are well constructed for the Occasion, and the Idea seems to arise from humane Sensibility, warmed with honest Indignation.

I am very affectionately yours,

W. SHENSTONE.

Snow-Hill, Birmingham, Aug. 29, 1761.

S T A N Z A S

(Alluded to in the foregoing Letter)

Written underneath the Monument on *Lansdowne*, near *Bath*, which was erected by the late Lord *LANSDOWNE*, to perpetuate the noble Exploits and Death of his Grandfather, Sir *BEVILLE GRANVILLE*, who was slain on the Spot, in the civil Wars, in the Reign of *CHARLES I.*

Dignum laude virum

Musa cecit mori.

HOR.

AH! What avail'd the stately Pile,
The Base so eminently plac'd,
If now a Prey to conqu'ring Time,
Or barb'rous Hands, it shews defac'd!

In vain the polish'd *LANSDOWNE* rais'd,
And grac'd the monumental Stone,
If what the Muse recorded there
To future Time shall be unknown;

The sculptur'd Heraldry destroy'd,
That spoke his noble Ancestry;

The

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The Verse effac'd, that aim'd to give
The Soldier Immortality.*

And scarce one Trophy now remains
The great Memorial to supply,
To grace with decent Pride the Sod
Where GRANVILLE's hallow'd Ashes lie.

And doth no *living* GRANVILLE now
His Blood from BEVIL's Veins derive,
Who will this injur'd Base repair,
And bid the Muse's Record live?

Come then, (in Bravery allied,
Tho' not in Blood) ye Sons of Fame;
Ye, who in Feats of Arms have shone,
And thence revere a Soldier's Name;

And ye, bright Sons of genuine Taste,
Who honour LANSDOWN's polish'd Song,
In sacred Sympathy unite,
And round this ruin'd Trophy throng;

* Alluding to two poetical Inscriptions; the one by
WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT, the other by MARTIN LLEWEL-
LIN, in the Year 1643.

Haste, haste, the Structure to repair,
 Haste, the Eulogium to supply;
 Oh! as ye wish *your* Names should live,
 And your good Deeds should never die.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq. to Mr. HULL,
 at *Covent-Garden Theatre, London.*

Dear Mr. HULL,

The Leasowes,
Oct. 18, 1761.

IF I recollect aright, both you and NED ALCOCK were here this last Autumn, on the Evening when my Fish-Ponds had been robbed, and the Fish destroyed. You were an Eye-Witness of the Circumstances, therefore cannot but retain them in your Memory. I find I have been arraigned of *Lenity*, by several conscientiously-upright Neighbours. “*I have screened a Robber from Justice;*”—“*I have given Encouragement to future Thefts,*” &c. Such are the Aspersions wherewith I have been

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been loaded. I make a material Distinction between a *Robber* and a *Pilferer*; nor can I assign the former Appellation to a poor Wretch, who, in his Hunger, has taken two or three *Fishes*, or as many *Loaves*. It is true, I would rather have given more than the Value of them, to have prevented my *funny Friends* being disturbed in, or taken away, from their elemental Habitation; it is also as true, that, in my first Warmth, on the Report that the Fellow had bruised the poor Creatures to Death against the Stumps and Roots of Trees, I could not only have delivered him over to Justice, but have been almost induced to become myself his Punisher; but when that Warmth submitted to cool Reflection, *I felt it impossible* to resist his Argument, of having a Wife with five Children at Home, and not a Doit to procure them a Meal. I verily believe too he spoke the Truth. Poverty and Affliction seemed to work and plead within him, and his Words were the Words of Nature.

I cannot be so severe against these petty Misdemeanours as many are; nor can I, though I revere the Call of Justice, be a rigorous
Sup-

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Supporter of its Claims, except in atrocious Cases. Beside, what had it availed me, to have consigned the Offender to the Power of a Magistrate? Rather say, what Pain and Inconvenience should I not have entailed on myself? I should have had the Trouble of attending the Examination; have had the Fellow imprisoned many Days; and the additional Mortification of travelling, perhaps to *Warwick*, or *Worcester*, in order to convict him. And after all, no Restitution is made for my Loss, though it were ten Times more valuable than a whole *Draught of Fishes*. There is surely something deficient in our Laws, concerning the *Meum & Tuum*; the Person robbed not only abides the Loss without Amends, but is even put to Expence, as well as Inconvenience, to get the Robber punished.

Then again, the Wife and five Children! —The poor Fellow subsists, chief Part of the Year, only by carrying News-Papers round the Country. Had He been shut up, what was to have supported the ragged Family meanwhile? I am beside inclined to think, that half a Crown, and a little wholesome Admonition,
that

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that is, if he be not a practised and stubborn Offender, might go as far towards amending his Morals, as an Acquaintance with the Inside of a Prison, and the Conversation of such Associates as he might find there.

I have suffered myself sometimes to doubt the Excellence of our Laws, relative to Life and Death, notwithstanding I know it has been asserted by many People, that they are wiser than those of any other Nation. What then? Is the Man who takes a few Guineas from you on the Highway, on a Level with him who commits a deliberate Murder? And is there no Punishment to be found more adequate to the first Transgression, than taking away the Life? Surely, one Example made by a visible Brand, a Mark of Disgrace, which could never be washed away, would more avail towards the Prevention of future Crimes, than half the Executions in the Kingdom, which have now, from too great Frequency, lost the chief Part of their Purpose and Terror. The Punishment which was inflicted by a Regent in some Part of the East, (I think the Circumstance is related in the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*-

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tainments) on a Judge who had been induced, by Gold, to give an unjust Decision, is admirable. The Brand, placed on his Habitation, in legible Characters, "*Here lives a corrupt Judge,*" was, in the highest Degree, consonant to Justice, inasmuch as it made the Crime its own Punishment.

I have been led into these Reflections by finding how severely I have been arraigned, only for having been *an innocent Defrauder of the Law*: so have troubled you with them; but here I come to a Conclusion, You are at Liberty to draw what Inferences you please from, or make what Objections you like to, my Opinion.

I am now to thank you for the Anecdotes you have given me, as well as for the Perusal of the enclosed Ballad. I am particularly pleased with the Image,

" Appear they not as drizzling Dews
Fresh'ning some faded Flower?"

I am, dear Sir, very faithfully,
Your Friend and Servant,
W. SHENSTONE.

T H E

THE BITTER FRUITES OF
J E A L O U S I E :

A BALLADE,

IN THE AUNTIENT STYLE.

“ **G**OE, shutte the Doore, my EDWARDE
deere,

“ Shutte close the Doore, I praye;

“ Lette nae keene Searche my Treadinge trace,

“ Ne listene what I faie;

“ Lette nane my subtile Entraunce knowe,

“ My troubled Motion spie,

“ Ne smallest Sunne-Beame penetrate

“ The Tell-Tale of mine Eye.”

So

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So ALLEYNE spake, as Guilt-beflain'd
Some Nooke he did explore,
When Instincte ledde his pathlesse Foote
To EDWARDE's friendlie Doore.

'Tween horrid Dreede, and conscious Shame,
Fu' mightie was the Strife,
While from his now-enfeebled Hands
Downe dropp'd a reeking Knife.

What means that Steele? What means that Glow,
Wherewith thy Visage burnes?
Now ghastlie Pale, alack, succeeds,
And now the Redde returnes.

" Saye, will yee plighte your Promise deere,
" And wille yee plighte your Faye,
" That what I now entruste to yee
" Your Tongue shall ne'er betraye?"

Yea, I wille plighte my Promise deere,
And I will plight my Faye,
That what yee shall entruste to mee
My Tongue shall ne'er betraye.

Ah!

" Ah! was shee not the fairest Faire,
 " More deere than Life to mee?
 " Yet ne'er shalle I againe beholde
 " My LUCIE sweete to see."

Yea, she was fairest of the Faire,
 Deere as thy Life to thee—
 And hast thou scath'd with deadlie Stroke
 Thy LUCIE sweete to see?

" Wae worthe the Daye!—That verie Wreathe,
 " Which with a lovinge Vowe
 " This Morne I gave her, I behelde,
 " Ere Noone, on EDWIN's Brow.

" When as shee tooke it sweete she smil'd,
 " Yet could shee from it parte?
 " Sae proude, methought, hee taunted mee,
 " Fu' deepe it irk'd my Hearte.

" And irk'd be stille this cruel Hearte!—
 " Oh! had yee seene the Wounde,
 " And had yee seene the streaminge Blude,
 " How faste it stain'd the Grounde!

" And

" And had yee seene her sickninge Eye,
 " How sore it foughte Reliefe!
 " And had yee seene her Bodie sinke,
 " You woulde have dyed for Griefe!

" And irk'd be stille this cruel Heart,
 " When as shee there did lye,
 " That coulde not with my LUCIE deere
 " A Moment staye, and dye!"

ALLEYNE, my Friend, yee grieve my Soule,
 Your Flight, I weene, was just,
 Sine shee is gone, that fairest Faire,
 And sunken into Duste.

But who alonge yon Cypresse-Path
 Is ledde fac heavilie?
 Ah! mee! my ALLEYNE deere, it is—
 How fadde shee eyeth thee!

And, ah! how fadde yon Virgins looke,
 Who leade her to my Boure?
 Appear they not as drizlinge Dewes,
 Freshninge some faded Floure?

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With such a Looke as Mothers aft
 Rebuke a darlinge Childe,
 Sae eyed shee her ALLEYNE deere,
 Sae ruthe, sae sweete, sae milde!

' I marvelle not,' shee faintlie cried,
 ' Yee seeme a Manne of Stone!—
 ' The Welle of Life is nae yet drie,
 ' My Daies are nae yet done,

' Sette, sette your troubled Minde at Ease,
 ' My Hearte yee didde nae touche;
 ' Yee strooke too shorte to reache my Life,
 ' Whereat I gladdene muche:

' Could yee, such Vowes as I have vow'd,
 ' Deeme I coulde faithlesse bee?—
 ' The Bloffome to the Breathe of Springe
 ' Was scant sae true as mee.

' That Wreathe, which yee this Morne did see
 ' Sae trimme on EDWYN's Browe,
 ' EDWYN's ain spitefu' Hande had wroughte,
 ' And EDWIN weares it nowe,

‘ When Love yee breathe, yee fickle Menne
 ‘ Been smoothe as Summer-Wave;
 ‘ But when with Jealousie yee swelle,
 ‘ As Winter-Storme yee rave.

‘ Rashe Manne! ah! how by Jealousie
 ‘ Have yee your Fortunes crofte!
 ‘ As true a Maide as ever lov’d
 ‘ Yee have for ever losse.

‘ To hie to this your Friend’s Abode,
 ‘ Here breathe my Prayres for yee,
 ‘ For Life, for Healthe, for Ease of Minde,
 ‘ Was a’ was left for mee.’

*Can yee not pardon the bigb Faulte
 Which Love didde gar mee doe?*

‘ Yes, I canne pardon a’ the Faulte,
 ‘ And stille to Love be true.’

*And shalle the Bridal-Knotte be tyed,
 And shalle wee happie bee?*

‘ The Bridal-Knotte canne ne’er be tyed,
 ‘ Ne canne I staye with thee;

‘ For

For I to CHRISTE a Vowe have made,
 And kepte that Vowe shalle bee,
 That Manne naie mair shalle vexe my Hearte,
 Nae mair shalle trouble mee.

That straite I wille mysel betake
 Unto a Nunnerie,
 In Faste and Prayre to ende my Dayes,
 And kepte that Vowe shalle bee.

Go yee, and seeke a fairer Bride,
 And live in Pleasaunce gaye;
 While to the House of Godlinesse
 I take mysel awaye.

*Naye, doe nae wende yee quite awaye,
 Liste, liste, my piercinge Ca'!
 Returne! and for youre broken Vowe,
 On mee the Paine be a'!*

"*She's gane.*"—He heav'd a deepe-drawne Sighe,
 As braft his Hearte in twaine,
 Sine to the Ground fast-falled he,
 And never rose againe.

THE ENDE.

K 2

LET,

LETTER XXXVIII.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq. to Mr. HULL.

The *Leafowes*,

Dear Mr. HULL,

Nov. 26; 1761.

I ESTEEM myself beholden to you, for having made me acquainted with the Reality of the two Writers, Dr. LANCASTER and HENRY. I have admired them both in their Pages, but knew only their Names. In fact, when I first read the *Essay on Delicacy*, I imagined the Name of LANCASTER to be fictitious, and that the Work might be the Production of the Author of *Sir Thomas Fitz-Osborne's Letters*. There is great Spirit, fine Sentiment, and true Elegance of Style throughout; and my Friend DODSLEY's preserving it in his *Fugitive Pieces* is truly meritorious. It well deserves to be rescued from Oblivion. But what a Pity that your Uncle does not make a more frequent Use of his Pen! the World does not abound too much in such Writers.

How

How much likewise is it to be lamented, that a Man of such Abilities should lie concealed in an obscure Part of *Essex*! He should have remained in the World—that is, I mean, for the Sake of the World; to his own Happiness, probably, Retirement was most conducive. It is most certain, that no Men are fit for Solitude, but those who find the Source of Amusement and Employment in themselves. Fancy, Reflection, and a Love of Reading, are indispensably necessary for such a Situation. It is downright Lunacy for a Man who has passed his Life in a Compting-House, or a Shop; who possesses, possibly, but a moderate Share of natural Understanding, that Understanding too not cultivated by Education, and who has never known what it is was to look into a Book—It is, I repeat, downright Lunacy, for such a Man to think of *retiring*. He knows not, the Fatigue he is going to encounter; he will want Employment for his Hours; most probably, may shorten his Existence, and while he retains it, it will be one continued State of Apathy, if not Disorder,

HENRY, you say, is a Mr. GRIFFITH, of the County of *Kilkenny* in *Ireland*. A Friend brought me over the Letters of HENRY and FRANCES, when they were first published in *Dublin*; they are most admirably clever and comprehensive; I have enjoyed and re-enjoyed them; and while I have admired the Writings, have loved the Writers. In the private Character you have given me of this amiable *Pair*, I feel as if I were acquainted with them. Before the Information received from you, I have sometimes suffered myself to think, and even communicated to an intimate Friend or two, that there was a Similitude of Disposition between HENRY and myself; but when I look on your Description of him, I entertain much Doubt. In the active Parts of his Philosophy, his Perseverance, and Resolution, I fear I am far behind him. He is a Man qualified for any State or Situation; Business or Amusement, Solitude or a Crowd. —And you have spent Months with him at *Kilkenny*! —I give you Joy of such an Happiness.

Again

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Again I thank you for the Enclosures you
are ever and anon sending, and am,

Dear Mr. HULL,

yours very affectionately,

W. SHENSTONE.

LETTER XXXIX.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq. to Mr. HULL,
at *Covent-Garden* Theatre.

SIR,

I AM greatly obliged both to you and Miss
MORRISON, for the Ballads you were so
good as to inclose to me. The Speed you
have used in sending them, testifies the Rea-
lity of that Delight you seemed to express at
the *Leasowes*, when I first communicated my
Friend Dr. PERCY's Design. I sent them di-

K 4

rect!

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rectly to him; he has begun to print off his venerable Collection,* with an Eye to the Publication of it sometime next Winter. One of your Ballads is truly beautily and extremely proper for his Purpose. It has that *Nai-veté*, which is so very essential in Ballads of all Kind; and which requires no more than, that *sublime*, or *elegant*, or *tender* Sentiments be expressed in a simple and unaffected Manner—*Sentimental* Language would be no ill Term for it; or, perhaps, the Essay before DODSLEY's *Fables* does not improperly stile it, the *Voice* of Sentiment, in Opposition to, the *Language* of Reflection.

As to the *other*, Miss M—— well distinguishes, that the Merit of it is almost wholly confined to the Sentiment at last. This is both *natural* and *tender*; and would *she* take the Pains to new-write the *whole* on this Account, (for even this Sentiment is not *expressed* so very simply as one could wish it) I dare say it is in her Power to render it very plea-

* *Autlent Poetry*, now published in three Volumes; the universal Estimation and Encouragement of which Work, sufficiently testifies its Excellence.

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sing. I know not how far I am *singular*; but as I love to avail myself of different Words, to bundle up Ideas in different Parcels, it is become habitual to me, to call *that* a *Ballad* which describes or implies some *Action*; on the other Hand, I term that a *Song*, which contains only an Expression of *Sentiment*. According to this Account, I believe one of your Pieces would appear a *Ballad*, and the other a *Song*.

The *Play-House* Coronations answer the Purpose of all those who chuse to compound the Matter betwixt *Indolence* and *Curiosity*. Mr. GARRICK has given a very genteel Turn to this Taste among the Citizens, in his Epilogue to the new Play.* I have not yet seen this Performance; and should be glad if you would give me some Account of its Appearance on the Stage. Why does not *your* Dr. LANCASTER † compleat his *Essay upon Delicacy*? I read it, since I wrote last, in DODSLEY's *Fugitive*

* Epilogue to the Tragedy of *Hecuba*, produced that Year at *Drury-Lane* Theatre.

† The Editor's Uncle.

Pieces,

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Pieces, and think it mighty well deserves the Labour necessary to its Continuation.

'Tis true, that Specimens of Wit or Humour have been dispensed this Winter but sparingly from the Press; and even there in *political* Pamphlets, where I am least inclined to seek them. But we must swim with the Tide, if we would collect the Shells and Corals that it leaves behind; accordingly I have read two or three of these Pamphlets which have answered my Expectations. Should any other appear that strikes you, be so good as to enclose it to me in a Frank. As to *Lavinia*, or other dramatic Schemes, I must defer them till I see you again at the *Leasowes*, which whenever it happens, will afford me Pleasure, being very faithfully and affectionately

your most obedient Servant,

W. SHENSTONE,

Christmas-Eve, 1761.

B A L

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BALLAD I.

Referred to in the above Letter.

THE Bells they rang all in the Morn,
And ALLEN he rose full soon,
Sad Tydings were heard for ALLEN to hear,
That MARY would wed ere Noon.

Then ALLEN he call'd on THOMAS's Name,
And THOMAS came at his call;
" Make ready a Coffin and winding Shroud,
" For MARY shall see my Fall.

" When last we parted with brimful Eye,
" Right-loving she made a Vow;
" But RICHARD has twice as many Sheep,
" And MARY forgets me now,

" Then bear me to the Green-Grass-Bank,
" Where we did kiss and play,
" And tell her the Rain that made it so green,
" Has wash'd my Kisses away."

The

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The Bridegroom led the Bride so fair,
The Priest he came anon ;
But THOMAS he brought his dear Friend's Corse,
Or 'ere the Wedding was done,

He laid him on the Green-Grass-Bank,
Where they did kiss and play,
And told her, the Rain that made it so green,
Had wash'd his Kisses away.

When she beheld poor ALLEN's dead Corse,
Her maiden Blush was lost,
She faded, as tho' on *April* Morn
A Primrose nipt by a frost.

Then all beneath one fatal Stone
Together they buried were.
False Maidens, who break your plighted Vow,
Take heed ye come not there !

B A L.

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BALLAD II.

Referred to in the foregoing Letter.

ONE *April* Ev'ning, when the Sun
Had journey'd down the Sky,
Sad MARIAN, with Looks of Woe,
Walk'd forth full heavily.

Tears trickled down her faded Cheek,
Soft Sighs her Bosom heav'd;
Soft Sighs reveal'd her inward Woe;
Alas! she'd been deceiv'd.

" Oh! what a Wretch am I become,

" A luckless Lass, (said she)

" The Cowslip, and the Violet blue,

" Have now no Charms for me.

" The golden Sun that daily shines,

" And glitt'ring decks the Sky,

" Brings no Relief to my Distress,

" Or Pleasure to my Eye.

" This

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" This little River when I drefs'd
" Has serv'd me for a Glafs;
" But now it only shews how Love
" Has ruin'd this poor Face!

" What Charms could happy Lucy boast,
" To fix thy wav'ring Mind?
" What Charms in Lucy more than me,
" Ungrateful, couldst thou find?

" Haft thou forgot the tender Vows
" Which at my Feet were made?
" Yet I'll not spend my dying Hour
" Thy falsehood to upbraid,

" But what remaining Breath I have
" Shall intercede with Heav'n;
" That all those broken Vows to me;
" At last may be forgiv'n.

" Yet one poor Boon before I die,
" I would of thee require;
" And do not thou refuse to grant
" A Wretch's last Desire!

" When

" When you with Lucy shall affix
 " The happy Marriage-Day,
 " Oh! do not o'er my Green-Grafs-Grave
 " Inhuman take thy Way."

L E T T E R XL.

W. SHENSTONE, Esq. to Miss M—.

Dear Miss M—, The *Leasowes*,
Dec. 8, 1761.

I OUGHT to have returned Thanks for your agreeable Account of the Excursion to *Chepstow*, some Time ago; but these are Duties which I do not always perform so soon as I ought—you know I don't—Neither will I waste my Time and Paper in apologizing for a Failing which you are so ready to forgive,
con-

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convinced that I am not less grateful on that Account.

I have great Joy in reading these little pleasurable Travels, in a private Letter, related, as yours are, without Formality, describing, with Ease and Simplicity, every little Occurrence as it falls out. I can journey with you in Imagination, and partake every trivial Difficulty and every Delight. *You* are fond of these little *Parties of Pleasure*, as they are called, and in you it is, by no Means, reprovable; but in general, they are very dangerous to young Folks. *You* have Means and Time, at your own Disposal; your Party is small and select, both in Point of Reputation and Understanding; you likewise turn your Excursion to some Advantage; you make Observations on all you see, form nice Distinctions between different Places, Points, and Characters, and draw just Conclusions from them—But, as I said before, these Parties too often are hazardous; the Mind once indulged in them, is apt to covet them too often; they are sometimes the Means of drawing a Female into improper Company; they encroach on

Means and Time, neither of which, probably, can with Propriety be bestowed; they have their Source in Diffipation, are continually attended with Hazard, and too often end in the Worst of Mischiefs. In short, I would wish all young Folks, who have neither Leisure nor Money at Command, to shut their Ears against the very Name of *a Party of Pleasure*.

More than once in my Life, I have been solicited by Friends to visit foreign Climes. I had an Invitation of this Kind lately; but it is now too late; at least, I think so—Besides, why should a Man go so far for Objects of Curiosity, who has seen too little of his own Country? Many Parts of *England, Wales and Scotland* equally (I should think) deserve our Admiration, and we need not risque Winds and Waves, to which I feel *some* Objection. Numbers of our travelling Gentry peregrinate too early in Life, before the Mind is sufficiently formed to make proper Observations on what they see and hear.

A Friend once related an Anecdote, which is apposite to my Subject. A very young
 VOL. II. L Man

Man, of good natural Understanding, and Heir to an affluent Fortune, would needs be one of these inconsiderate Travellers. In the Course of his Adventures, he fell into Company, in *Naples*, with some well-travelled, and well-informed Foreigners. They were conversing on what they had seen in *England*; and some little Difference in Opinion arising about the Architecture of *Windsor-Castle*, they naturally referred themselves to the young *Englishman* for Decision. With much Confusion and Hesitation he was compelled to confess, he had never seen the Building in Question. The Company, with true foreign Politeness, only testified their Admiration in a silent Smile—but the Reflection instantly struck, and pained the young Gentleman. The Result was, that he returned for *England* within two Days, rationally determined to instruct himself in the Knowledge of his own Country, before he pryed into those afar off. His Reflection and Determination did equal Credit to his Understanding.

Our Friend HULL has, as usual, been amusing us with as good a Drama, as our neighbouring Town can give Encouragement to ;
but

but says, he returns no more. I know many who will be sorry on this Account: He has not departed, however, without having excited Curiosity in a very peculiar Way, on a small Plan, indeed, but to a very commendable Purpose. He enticed with him his two principal Actresses, Miss MORRISON and Miss ISSOT, (both possessed of great Merit in their Profession) some few of his Band, two Voices, and gave an Evening's Entertainment of *Singing* and *Reading*, at the little Town of *Stourbridge*, some few Miles off; the Profits devoted to the Assistance of a Tradesman, who had suffered under repeated Misfortunes. The Success, I hear, more than answered his Expectations; the little Assembly-Room was crowded, and with much good Company. A slight Cold made me fearful of being out late, but the Particulars were given me by a neighbouring Clergyman who was present. The Pieces selected for Reading were well-chosen. I do not remember the whole Number, but I recollect that *Miss CARTER's Ode to Wisdom*, *PRIOR's Henry and Emma*, and *GRAY's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard* were amongst them. The latter gave particular Satisfaction, my

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Friend told me, to the Gentlemen of the Pulpit, of whom he counted seven. The whole was received with great Approbation. You are to observe that HULL and his Party, so far from proposing any Emolument to themselves, declined even to be re-imburfed the Expences they were at in going, and the Master of the Assembly-Room *gave* the Use of it. From this confined Instance of such a Scheme, I am apt to think an Union of Poetry and Music, executed on a larger Plan, would be an admirable Two-Hours-Entertainment, either in a public Room or private Family.

I enclose a Piece of Writing, which a Friend of mine sent me in a Frank last Week. I think the Subject calculated for your Liking. It was planned, and partly written, in Mr. HOARE's lovely Grounds, at *Stourton* in *Wiltshire*; and the Thought suggested by surveying, from an Eminence there, a woody Vale, wherein ALFRED is reported to have once concealed himself from the *Danes*. Send it back, when you have done with it.

Adieu, dear Miss M—.

Yours very faithfully,

W. SHENSTONE.

C A D.

C A D W A L :

A LEGENDARY TALE;

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

DARK *December* was the Month,
The Air was dank and chill,
When CADWAL's weary Foot had reach'd
The Summit of the Hill,
Beneath whose ample Verge he wont
To labour at the Plough,
And, to relieve his Father's Age,
Bedew his infant Brow.

L 3

When

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When eighteen Years had o'er him pass'd,
He left his rustic Home,
(Sore-smote with Grief) in distant Grounds,
And Stranger-Fields to roam.

Twelve Winters had his Exile seen,
When lo! his Bosom burns,
Again to clasp his Father's Knees,
And homeward he returns,

And now descending to the Vale,
With slow and trembling Feet,
At this new Sight, his native Soil,
The Pulses flutt'ring beat,

And now, with penetrating Eye,
He pierces the close Dell,
Where in his Thatch-bethelter'd Cot
His Sire did whilom dwell.

Yet in his sad and troubled Look,
Such Terror might ye see,
As when we almost wish to shun
The Thing, we wish should be.

He

He pryed here, he pryed there,
 No Cottage could he spy,
 Nor smallest Trace of human Tread
 Appeared to his Eye.

No Monarch of the feather'd Brood
 Was heard aloud to crow,
 Nor laboured Ox the vocal Air
 Awaken with his Low.

In strange Amazement and Suspense
 Awhile benumb'd he stood,
 Then fell, despairing on the Earth,
 And wept, and wail'd aloud.

His bitter Cries an Hermit drew
 Forth from his lonely Cell,
 Whose plyant Sense was quick to feel
 Affliction's poignant Yell.

Compassion held him mute at first,
 While as he ponder'd him
 With fixed Eye, where Nature's Floods
 Up-swelled to the Brim;

Then thus—" My Son, your Complaints I heard,

" They smote me to the Heart;

" To me, without Reserve or Fear,

" The weighty Cause impart.

" Deep-vers'd in Sorrow's heavy Task

" Full many a weary Hour,

" Right well I know what aggravates,

" And what abates its Pow'r.

" Close-pent within restraining Bounds,

" The River foams and roars,

" Tumultuous boils with mighty Heaves,

" And wounds its kindred Shores;

" The Load remov'd, that choak'd its Course,

" The Violence subsides,

" The Tumult lessens by Degrees,

" And smooth the Current glides.

" Give, then, the struggling Grievs to flow,

" Which thy clogg'd Heart opprest,

" Each Word will take a Part away,

" And make the Burthen less."

SELECT LETTERS. 153

*Old CADWAL here distraught I seek,
Here CADWAL dwelt of yore,
Here, here, his quiet Cottage rose,
But now is here no more.*

“Old CADWAL seek’st thou? Hapless Man!
“New Torments must thou have—
“Beneath this venerable Elm,
“Behold the Rustic’s Grave!”

*Oh! Wretch accurs’d! I was the Cause,
I reft him of his Breath,
I robb’d these Fields of CADWAL’s Worth,
I brought him to his Death.*

*Was he not to his various Kin,
(Unworthy I alone!)
Was he not Guardian, Comforter,
Friend, Father, all in one?*

*What honest Hind, that near him toil’d,
But of his Store partook?
Was he not to the needy Swain,
As to the Mead the Brook?*

Did

156 SELECT LETTERS.

But, Oh! my Grief-bewilder'd Mind
From Reason wanders far,
And with vague Fancies idly mocks
Thy kind, thy pious Care.

" Heed not, my Son—Use any Means
 " That may assuage thy Pain;
 " It is the Privilege of Woe
 " At Random to complain,

" And who of patient Sympathy
 " The lib'ral Largest scant,
 " With-hold a Bounty dear, I woen
 " As Wealth can show'r on Want,

C A D-

CADWAL.

PART II.

OLD CADWAL *here distraught I seek—
 Ab, me! this wayward Heart!
 That dar'd oppose a Father's Pow'r,
 That dar'd his Counsel thwart!*

*But EMMA's Charms had won my Love,
 And made it all her own;
 I sought not copious Flocks and Meads,
 I sought Content alone;*

*And, Oh! so sweetly she conform'd
 To all I wish'd or said,
 You would have sworn our Hearts, as Twins,
 Were for each other made.*

And

158 SELECT LETTERS.

*And was it, holy Father, say,
Was it a Crime to Love;
Or to my early-plighted Vows
Unchang'd and steady prove?*

*MATILDA's lofty Friends in Store
Of Fleeces did abound,
And ample Sheaves enrich'd their Fields,
And Orchards rose around;*

*And these Possessions ev'ry Hour
Were pour'd into mine Ear;
To count them o'er, my Father made
His Morn and Ev'ning Care.*

*Sure if he any Failing had,
'Twas too fond Love for me;
Hence sprung the Wish, that of her Flocks
I might the Master be;*

*And as he will'd, and as he bade,
Oh! that I could have done!
But EMMA's Charms had won my Love,
And made it all her own.*

SELECT LETTERS. 159

*Say, Father, ought I, at the Church
Have join'd MATILDA's Hand,
When Love and Truth, that should attend,
Were not at my Command?*

*Her spacious Granaries—to me
They no Allurement were;
My EMMA's low-roof'd Dairy-Hut
To me was dearer far.*

*Why after large Possessions seek?
My Father did not want;
Of copious Tributes from the Field
His Barns were nothing scant;*

*But 'twas his Will—and Oh! that I
Could have that Will obey'd,
Without the Guilt of broken Vows,
Or EMMA's Peace betray'd!*

*Now that my Frowardness of Heart
Hath brought him to his End,
For this, before yon hallow'd Spot
In dutious Wife I'll bend;*

For

*For this, will daily wet the Sod
With my repentant Eye,
Nor ever from this Solitude
To fairer Refuge hie.*

“ Son,” quoth the Sire—and cast a Look
As chill’d the Youth all o’er—
(While Minutes pass’d ere vital Warmth,
His Senses did restore—)

“ Son,” quoth the Sage, “ thy Doubts suspend,
“ Their rising Tumult check—
“ It is thy Father, clasps thee close,
“ And weeps upon thy Neck.

“ Long have I held thee in Discourse
“ With pent-up Agony,
“ Now let my gushing Tears have Way,
“ They’re Blessings show’r’d on thee.

“ Charm’d with thy duteous Excellence,
“ Thy Strength of filial Love,
“ My full Forgiveness, let these Streams
“ And warm Embraces prove!

“ And

“ And, Oh ! might’st thou forgive the Cause
 “ That drove thee from thy Home,
 “ Sore-smote with Grief, in distant Grounds,
 “ And Stranger-Fields to roam !”

*Might I forgive !—Oh, Father, such
 Unseemly Terms restrain ;
 Might I forgive !—It is enough,
 I see thee once again,*

*But, said’st thou not, beneath yon Elm—
 “ My dearest Son, I did ;
 “ There have I mark’d the chosen Spot,
 “ There made my latest Bed.*

“ Of thee bereft, what booteth it
 “ To feed the furrow’d Plain ;
 “ Or, what, from Autumn’s fruitful Lap
 “ To heap the ripen’d Grain ?

“ Whom had I then to cheer my Steps
 “ In Summer’s sultry Rays ?
 “ For whom should then the social Hearth
 “ In Winter-Ev’ning blaze ?

162 SELECT LETTERS.

" My House, my Barns, I left at large
" To moulder and decay;
" Yon humble Tenement I rais'd,
" My Age's only Stay.

" Enough for me, who meant forlorn
" To pass Life's lagging Eve;
" My Task to meditate and pray,
" My Punishment to grieve.

" For, Oh! my Son, too late I felt
" This Truth within my Heart,
" That to compel the filial Mind
" Is not a Parent's Part.

" And hence this penitential Garb,
" And hence these silver Hairs,
" Whose hoary Length the sad Recluse
" Or pensive Hermit wears."

*Dear, honour'd Father, droop no more,
This on my bended Knee
I crave—I claim—Resign thy Griefs;
Oh! cast them all on me;*

With

SELECT LETTERS. 163

*With unremitting Love and Care,
Thy Sorrows I'll assuage,
And with obsequious Duty tend
The Remnant of thy Age.*

" Arise, my Son, and to my Cell
" Together let us wend;
" Let us beneath one Roof embrace,
" Ere yet my Days shall end.

" And shall the Thought of EMMA's Love
" No more suffuse thine Eye,
" Nor chide thy Father for her Loss?"—
She's buried in that Sigh.

" What wond'rous Bliss to virtuous Minds
" Will Heav'n not deign to lend?
" Within my homely Hut, my Son,
" There all thy Sorrows end.

" There, there, once more still sweetly-fair
" Thy EMMA shalt thou see;
" Within my homely Hut she dwells,
" My Age's Comfort she!

“ Her Father dead, I fill’d his Place,
 “ The Guardian of her Youth;
 “ I now restore her to thy Love,
 “ Thy Constancy and Truth.”

Young CADWAL waited not for more,
 But to his EMMA flew,
 Where lock’d awhile in close Embrace
 Each to the other grew.

From incoherent Words and Sighs,
 Such wond’rous Transports brake,
 Far more than honey’d Eloquence
 With all her Tongues cou’d speak.

And now with strong enquiring Look
 They search each other’s Eye,
 And ask if what they see be true,
 And doubt the real Joy.

And now the Father’s quicken’d Steps
 They greet with bended Grace,
 And with up-lifted Eyes adore,
 And bless his rev’rend Face.

“ Now,

" Now, by this hallow'd Eve, I vow,*

" Soon as the Mass be done,

" The next ensuing Holy-Day

" The Priest shall make ye one.

" And ye shall live (so Heav'n permit!)

" To cast one Gleam of Light

" Athwart your Father's gath'ring Eve,

" Or ere he sink in Night;

" Or ere beneath yon aged Elm

" He's number'd with the dead,

" The chosen Spot where his own Hands

" Have made his latest Bed,

" But while some Hours of Life are lent,

" By Gratitude and Pray'r,

" And Mem'ry of my Errors past,

" Those Errors I'll repair:

" And oft as I recount them o'er

" Thy steady Faith I'll praise,

" And for my dearest Boy once more

" The social Hearth shall blaze.

* Probably *Christmas-Eve*, as *December* is mentioned in the Opening of the Tale.

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" Age, ev'n as Youth, thou seest, my Son,

" Is liable to fall,

" And Self-reproof, and Penitence,

" Alike becom us all."

LET.

LETTER XLI.

Mr. M— G—— to W. SHENSTONE, Esq.
with *Fragments of Antient Poetry*, printed at
Edinburgh, in the Year 1760.

Dear Sir, *Edinburgh, June 21, 1760.*

IT gives me the greatest Pleasure, that I have
an Opportunity of conveying to a Person
of your Taste, the inclosed Fragments of an-
tient *Caledonian* Poesy—

“ Full many a Gem of purest Ray serene,
“ The dark unfathom’d Caves of Ocean bear,
“ Full many a Rose is born to blush unseen,
“ And waste its Sweetness on the desert Air.”*

But Thanks to the Taste and Care of the in-
genious Translator, that we have not to la-
ment the utter Loss of those Pieces, which
reflect so much Lustre on the Memory of the
original Bards. Here we see Poets framed by
the Hand of Nature; their Manners rude and

* See GRAY’s *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*.

168 SELECT LETTERS.

uncultivated, as the Wilds they inhabited; unacquainted with ARISTOTLE and HORACE, but pouring the (I had almost said) involuntary Effusions of Minds filled with true poetic Fire, deeply interested in the Themes they sung, devoid of all Rules, they attach and warm the Heart, by an amazing though secret Power, the constant Effect of copying Nature, but copying her justly; to which the languid Efforts of Art bear scarce so interesting a Proportion, as the Shadow to the Substance.

From the general Structure of the Poetry, from the Names of the Persons celebrated in it, and the Hints of the *Costume* scattered here and there, it would appear, that these Poems were composed about the Time that the antient Bards of *Iceland*, and the other northern Countries, made so great a Figure in Poetry; or, perhaps, their Date may reach back beyond the Time of Christianity being preached in our Islands; hence it will follow, that our Ancestors were rising by surprising Efforts to catch the fairest Flowers of *Parnassus*, while the polite Regions of *Europe* re-founded

founded with polemic Theology and monkish Nonfense: this becomes the more probable, when we reflect, that scarce any Trace of Christianity is to be found in these Pieces, and no Trace of the Names that prevailed after the ninth Century, instead of which, the Names appear entirely Pagan; and numberless Hints are taken from the predatory Life our Ancestors (particularly those of the Islands and north-west Coasts of *Scotland*) led before, and at the first preaching of the Gospel among them. A critical Examination of the original Language would help to throw some Light on this Conjecture, as well as the Publication of Pieces of greater Length, which may follow these first Specimens. It is not, however, to be doubted, that the many Fragments still preserved amongst our Highlanders of their ancient Poetry, may be of great Use in settling the History, and ascertaining the Meaning of several Antiquities dispersed over the mountainous Parts of *Scotland*, while the Man of Taste must be agreeably surpris'd to find a Beauty and Force of Diction, a Warmth of Fancy, a chaste and truly noble Simplicity united, where hitherto no Person has ever looked for it.

If

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If these Specimens are well received by the Public, and if suitable Encouragement were given to the ingenious Translator, he would oblige the World with the Translation of the Epic Poem mentioned in the Preface, which consists of upwards of nine thousand Lines; but the dependant Situation of a Tutor cannot afford him Leisure to undertake so great a Work.

Your Friends in this Corner of the World were much disappointed, in not having the Happiness of seeing you last Summer along with Lord LYTTLETON; and without Flattery I can assure, that the Number of your Friends in Scotland is greater than, perhaps, you think of, and every one of them would be happy to have an Opportunity of seeing and obliging you. Lord ALEMONG, Dr. ROEBUCK and his Spouse desire to be remembered; and I shall take it as a particular Favour, that you would, at a leisure Hour, write me your Opinion of the inclosed Specimens, and allow me to be with Esteem, truly, dear Sir,

Your very obedient, and most humble Servant,

J. M. G.

Two

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Two frank'd Coyers will bring the two first Divisions of the Fragment. Please, address for me at *Edinburgh*.

LETTER XLII.

Extract from a Letter of Mr. B—— (Lord E——'s Brother) to Mr. T——.

May 25.

I KNOW no Way so good of making up for my long Silence to you, as sending you the enclosed Poem, which if it gives you as much Pleasure as it did me, you will give me no small Thanks for: it is translated from an old Highland Poem, by one Mr. M^c PHERSON, a Minister in the Highlands. There are great Numbers of these Elegies all over the Highlands, which they sing to mournful Tunes in the Evening over their Fires. Mr. M^c PHERSON has, I hear, translated ten more of them, which I fancy will soon be published; if they are not, I shall endeavour to get them, and send them to you. It will be needless to say
any

any Thing in Praise of the Poem, as I think it can sufficiently recommend itself. The Translation has a great deal of Merit; I think it is one of the best I ever saw. I fancy SHENSTONE will be much pleased with the Poem, which I shall be obliged to you if you will present to him with my Compliments.

A FRAGMENT.*

THE following descriptive Poem (though very old) is of much later Date than the foregoing Fragments.

Five Bards, who are the Guests of a Chief, (himself an excellent Poet) go severally out to make their Observations on the Night, and return each with an extemporary Description of it,

* This exquisite little Fragment is already published among the Notes in the first Volume of *Ossian's Works*; but as, in Mr. SHENSTONE's Manuscript, the Expression of many of the Passages varied from the printed Poem, the Editor of this Work presumed an Insertion of his Copy might not be unwelcome to the Curious.

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to which the Chief adds one of his own.
The Time is supposed to be in *October*, the
Harvest Month in the Highlands; when the
Face of Nature is as various, and its Changes
as sudden, as they are here represented.



FIRST BARD.

NIGHT is dull and dark,
The Clouds rest on the Hills;
No Star with twinkling Beam,
No Moon looks from the Skies.
I hear the Blast in the Wood,
But distant and dull I hear it.
The Stream of the Valley murmurs,
Low is its Murmur too.
From the Tree, at the Grave of the Dead,
The lonely Screech-Owl groans.
I see a dim Form on the Plain,
'Tis a Ghost! It fades, it flies;
Some dead shall pass this Way.
From the lowly Hut of the Hill

The

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The distant Dog is howling;
 The Stag lies by the Mountain-Well,
 The Hind is at his Side;
 She hears the Wind in his Horns,
 She starts, but lies again.
 The Roe is in the Cleft of the Rock:
 The Heath-Cock's Head beneath his Wing,
 No Beast, no Bird is abroad,
 But the Owl, and the howling Fox,
 She on the leafless Tree,
 He on the cloudy Hill,
 Dark, panting, trembling, sad,
 The Traveller has lost his Way;
 Thro' Shrubs, thro' Thorns he goes,
 Beside the gurgling Rills;
 He fears the Rock and the Pool,
 He fears the Ghost of the Night.
 The old Tree groans to the Blast,
 The falling Branch resounds,
 The Wind drives the *clung* Thorn,
 Along the sighing Grass,
 He shakes amid the Night.
 Dark, dusky, howling is *Night*,
 Cloudy, windy, and full of Ghosts;
 The dead are abroad; my Friends,
 Receive me from the Night.

SECOND

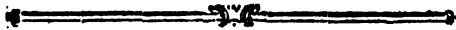
SECOND BARD.

THE Wind is upon the Mountain,
 The Shower of the Hill descends.
 Woods groan and Windows clap,
 The growing River roars :
 The Traveller attempts the Ford,
 He falls, he shrieks, he dies.
 The Storm drives the Horse from the Hill,
 The Goat and the lowing Cow,
 They tremble as drives the Shower,
 And look for the Shade of the Stall,
 The Hunter starts from Sleep in his lone Hut,
 And wakes the Fire decay'd ;
 His wet Dogs smok around him :
 He stops the Chink with Heath.
 Loud roar two Mountain Streams,
 Which meet beside his Booth,
 Sad on the Side of the Hill
 The wandering Shepherd sits,
 The Tree resounds above him,
 The Stream roars down the Rock ;
 He waits the rising Moon
 To lead him to his Home ;

176 SELECT LETTERS,

Ghosts ride on the Storm to-night.
Sweet is their Voice between the Gusts of Wind,
Their Songs are of other Worlds.

The Rain is past—the dry Winds blow,
Streams roar and Windows clap;
Cold Drops fall from the Roof.
I see the starry Sky—
But the Shower gathers again!
Dark, dark, is the western Sky!
Night is stormy, dismal, dark;
Receive me, my Friends, from the Night.



THIRD BARD,

THE Winds still found between the Hills,
And groan on the riven Rocks:
The Firs fall from their Place on high,
The turfy Hut is torn.
The Clouds divided fly o'er the Sky,
And shew the burning Stars.
The Meteor (Token of Death)

Flies

Flies sparkling thro' the Gloom;
 It rests on the Hills, it burns—I see the Fern,
 The dark Rock, and fallen Oak.
 What dead is that in his Shroud?—
 Beneath the Tree by the Stream
 The Waves dark tumble on the Lake,
 And lash the rocky Sides.
 The Boat is brim-full in the Cove;
 The Oars on the rocky Tide.
 Sad sits a Maid beneath a Rock,
 And eyes the rolling Stream:
 Her Lover promised to come,
 She saw his Boat, when it was light, on the Lake;
 Is this his broken Boat on the Shore?
 Are these his Groans in the Wind?

Hark! the Hail rattles around,
 The Flakes of Snow descend.—
 The Tops of the Hills are white,
 The stormy Winds abate,
 Various is Night and cold;
 Receive me, my Friends, from the Night.

FOURTH BARD.

NIGHT is calm and fair,
 Blue, starry, and settled is Night;
 The Winds with the Clouds are gone:
 They descend behind the Hill.
 The Moon is upon the Mountains;
 Trees glister, Streams shine on the Rocks,
 Bright rolls the settling Lake,
 Bright the Stream of the Vale.
 I see the Trees o'erturned;
 The Shocks of Corn on the Plain;
 The wakeful Peasant rebuilds the Sheaves,
 Or drives the Beasts of the Hills away.
 Calm, settled, and fair is Night.

Who comes from the Place of the Dead?
 That Form in the Robe of Snow,
 These white Arms, that Hair of Gold;
 The Daughter of the Chief of the People,
 She that lately fell!
 Come, let us view thee, Maid;
 Thou that wert the Desire of Heroes!

The

SELECT LETTERS. 179

The Blast drives the Phantom away,
White and without Form it ascends the Hill.

The Breezes drive the blue Mist
Over the narrow Vale:
Grey on the Hill it ascends,
And joins itself to the Sky.

Night is settled and calm,
Blue, starry, bright, with the Moon,
Receive me not, my Friends,
For lovely is the Night.



FIFTH BARD.

NIGHT is calm, but dreary;
The Moon in a Cloud in the West,
Slow moves that feeble Beam
Along the shady Hill.
The distant Wave is heard;
The Stream dull murmurs on the Rock.

180 SELECT LETTERS.

The Cock is heard from the Booth ;
More than half the Night is passed.
The Housewife groping in the Gloom
Rekindles the settled Fire.
The Hunter thinks it Day,
And calls his nimble Dog :
He ascends the Hill,
And whistles the Road away :
A Blast removes the Cloud ;
He sees the starry Plough of the North :
Much of the Night is to pass ;
He nods by the mossy Stone.

Hark, the Whirlwind is in the Wood ;
Low Murmurs on the Plain.
'Tis the Army of the mighty Dead
Returning from the Air !

The Moon refts behind the Hill ;
The Beam is still on the lofty Rock ;
Long are the Shades of the Trees :
But now 'tis dark over all.
Night's dreary, silent and dark !
Receive me, my Friends, from the Night.

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SIXTH BARD.

(The Chief himself.) 182

LET Clouds rest on the Hill,
Spirits fly, and Travellers fear;
Let the Winds of the Wood arise,
The founding Storm descend;
Roar Streams and Windows clap,
And green-winged Meteors fly;
Rise the pale Moon on the Mountain,
Or inclose her Head in Clouds,
Night is alike to me,
Blue, gloomy, or stormy the Sky.
Night flies, and her goblin Crew,
When Morn is poured on the Hills;
Light returns from the Gloom:
But we return no more!
Where are our Chiefs of old?
Where our Kings of modern Name?
The Fields whereon they fought are silent;
Scarce their mossy Tombs remain.
We too shall be forgot;
This lofty House shall fall:

182 SELECT LETTERS.

Our Sons shall scarce see its Ruins on the Grasse,
And shall ask, Where dwelt our Fathers?

Raise the Song, strike the Harp,
Send around the *Shell** of Joy;
Suspend a hundred Tapers on high,
Maids and Youths begin the Dance.
Some grey-lock'd Bard be near,
And sing the Deeds of other Times;
Of Kings renown'd in *Albion*,
Of Chiefs we see no more.

Thus pass the Night,
Till Morn is grey in our Hall;
Then be the Bow in Hand,
The Dogs and Youth of the Chase;
We ascend the Hill with Day,
And rouse the flying Deer.

* They drank out of a Shell, as great Numbers do still.

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LETTER XLIII.

R. G—, Esq. to Mr. HULL.

Dear HULL,

June 16.

I SAFE arrived in *Somersetshire*, after two pleasant and easy Days Journey, and am now set down to write to you, according to my Promise, and to note what Alterations or Innovations I had observed upon, in the Modes and Manners of *London*, since I had not been there so long before.

This Chapter is reduced to so few Heads, from the several Conversations we had together in Town, upon the taking down the Signs, the rooting up the Posts, the paving and lighting of *Oxford-Read, Holborn, Monmouth-Street, and St. Giles's*, the constructing of *Black-Friars-Bridge, &c.* that I cannot recollect any other Remark I made worth mentioning, at present, except the introducing of Asses in the City, for the Use of Milkmen, Fruiterers, Hawkers, &c.

This I thought a great Improvement, as it serves to lessen the Number of Barrows that used to interrupt Walkers on the broad Pavements; but this Consideration was damped again at seeing the barbarous Treatment these poor Animals often suffer from their brutal Guides or Riders. I often thought of STERNE upon these Occasions.* An Ass is a dull, slow Creature, that will not mend its Pace for Whip or Spur—This these Wretches call *Obstinacy*, and so punish it for a Defect of Nature, as they would for a moral Vice: for if they reason at all, you may be sure they reason thus, because it is wrong.

This has renewed a Reflection in my Mind, that has often occurred to me before, upon the unaccountable Disposition towards Cruelty exercised against the Brute-Creation, which is too frequently observed among the general Classes of Mankind, who have not been restrained by natural Sentiment, or refined by a liberal Education.

* See a Passage about an Ass in his *Sentimental Journey*.

If Sympathy, as modern Philosophers assert, be the ultimate Cause of our being affected for others, that of Pain, one would think, should be the strongest. All Men do not feel Misfortunes, or suffer Grief, alike. One Person may resent a Mortification, or a Loss, to Madness; while his more temperate Friend can afford his Pity or Compassion no higher or further than his own Passions or Sentiments would have extended in the same Circumstances. Here Sympathy is at an End. But all Persons and Animals too are alike sensible of Pain—*Ergo*—

We have from hence Reason to conclude, that 'tis more from Want of Thought, than of Humanity, that the contrary is so apparent; and this Argument, I think, is fully proved by the Observation, that Children and Fools are the most guilty of it.

Besides which, there is a great deal in Custom, that may take off from the natural Feelings of Compassion, with Regard to the Brute-Creation, among Numbers of People, such as
Butchers,

Butchers, Surgeons, Soldiers, &c. A Fish-woman being reprehended for the Barbarity of fleaing Eels alive, answered, that it was no Cruelty, *as they were so much used to it*; which was plainly transferring the Insensibility she had herself acquired, through Habit, to the poor suffering Reptile. This puts me in Mind of the Blunder of an *Irish* Parliament once, that framed an Act to punish Forgery with the Loss of both Ears, and so *toties quoties*.

There is also, I apprehend, a Sort of Notion resting in uninstructed Minds, that Morality has nothing to do with our Actions towards Brutes, any more than it has with Regard to inanimate Nature; so that many Folks, from such a strange Misconception, torture an Animal with as little Remorse as they would lop off the Branch of a Tree. Such People must never have read the Sentence of SOLOMON, that *a good Man is merciful to his Beast*; nor that of SHAKESPEARE,

“ The poor Beetle that we tread upon,
 “ In corp’ral Suffrance feels a Pang as great
 “ As when a Giant dies.”

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I remember I was once sitting with a Friend, and seeing his Son tormenting a poor Dog, by making him suffer great Pain, I spake to the Father, to reprove him for it; to which he coolly answered, that as he designed the Boy for the Army, he did not care to inspire him with too tender Feelings. "Your Idea might not be much amiss," I replied, "if you meant to breed him a Butcher, or a Hangman." What a Gothic Notion, that Bravery and Humanity were incompatible!

OID seems to have been of my Opinion in the above Reproof, by making Priests, who were the first Butchers, or Sacrificers, to have led the Way to Cruelty and Slaughter—

Primoque a cæde Ferarum

Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine Ferrum.

I will not say, however, that this may be the Reason why Parsons and Butchers are equally excluded from being on Juries of Life and Death, because there would be a Sort of *pert Dulness* in the Remark—Asking Pardon for the
Tauto-

Tautology—No ; the true Reason for these Exclusions is, that the latter are rendered callous, from being too familiar with Slaughter ; and with Regard to the former, that the Ministers of Peace should keep clear of Blood.

A Thought has just occurred to me. I have not Leisure both to examine and to write it too, so I shall only sport it for the present. Perhaps, the Injunction in the Levitical Law, to abstain from Blood, might not have been meant in Derogation of *Black-Puddings* in the least, but only as a figurative Manner of repeating the Sixth Commandment, "Thou shalt do no Murder."

A Comment upon the Inhibition of PYTHAGORAS, *Abstine à Fabis*,* has hinted this Notion to me ; for the learned BACON, which Name, you know, accords very well with *Beans*, says, that what the Sage intended by the Prohibition was, to forbid meddling with the Contentions and Strife of Electioneering, where the Votes or Suffrages were given, *pro* and *con*, by black and white Beans.

* Abstain from Beans.

And

SELECT LETTERS. 189

And this Interpretation ought certainly to appear the true Sense of the Precept, from this Consideration ; for as that Philosopher had before restricted his Disciples from the Use of all animal Food, on Account of the transmutatory Notions he had picked up in *India*, he could not possibly have been so unconscionable, as to have laid any Manner of Restraint on the vegetable Product of the Earth.

Yours, &c.

R. G—;

L E T.

292 SELECT LETTERS.

L E T T E R XLIV.

Mrs. ——— to Mr. HULL, of *Covent-Garden*
Theatre.

THE great Respect you, Sir, have shewn
to Mr. SHENSTONE, in dedicating your
Tragedy of ROSAMOND to his Memory, added
to the Pleasure I have received from some of
your other Publications, will, I trust, plead an
Excuse for an Intrusion from a Stranger, and
especially as it is to beg your Acceptance of
the enclosed Poem; it was written by that
Friend whose Death you so feelingly lament;
it has been in my Possession ever since, or
before that Period: of its Merits I am no
Judge; but from its Author, should imagine
it not destitute, and have long regretted its
remaining in Hands so little capable of mak-
ing it appear as it ought. The sincere Plea-
sure I received, in seeing Mr. SHENSTONE's
Name so respectfully and publickly revived,
induced me to wish to make the Author some
Acknowledgment, and this appears to be the
only

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only Way; for should not the *Diamond* have Brilliancy enough for the Public, yet it may not be an unwelcome Amusement to a private Friend, to remove the Dimness.

I should much sooner have made this Acknowledgment, but from a Diffidence of its being accepted; however, I hope the best, and that you will be kind enough to accept it as it is meant. Should it prove worthy of Notice, and acceptable to so partial a Friend, I shall hope, (as I have no Copy) to receive your Opinion; and must request it as a particular Favour, that to any Friend you chuse to shew it, my Name may not be mentioned; on that Account I decline saying any Thing of myself. My Address is, &c.

Permit me to hope you will excuse the Errors of a weak Pen, and believe me, Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

M. —.

Dec. 28, 1774.

T H E



[193]

THE
DIAMOND:
A POEM.

~~~~~  
CANTO I.  
~~~~~

CUPID o'er human Breasts resistless reigns;
Fierce in his Joys, unrival'd in his Pains;
Not JOVE, when Hypocrites his Shrine adore;
Not JUNO, when her Altars smoke no more;
Not PHOEBUS, when from POPE's encircled
Brows

DENNIS would rend the Bays himself bestows,
Resolve such Vengeance, or such Pangs decree,
As owe their Rise, relentless Boy, to thee!

VOL. II.

O

By

By thee enslav'd, MYRTILLO long had known 9
 His Passion lasting, when his Hopes were flown ;
 MYRTILLO, fram'd to make e'en Toasts adore,
 And blest by Fortune much, by Nature more ;
 Swift o'er the Spinnet-Keys his Fingers flew,
 And Love except, to quell each Passion knew.
 Such human Art, with Joy APOLLO view'd,
 And with some Graces from his own, endu'd ;
 From him, when lost ADONIS caus'd her Grief,
 E'en *Cytherea* might have heard Relief :
 But, ah ! to ev'ry Charm, to ev'ry Grace, 19
 That deck'd his Words, or sparkled in his Face,
 Endear'd his Person, or his Thoughts refin'd,
 The Nymph alone, he lov'd, alone was blind.
 Each other Belle the slighted Charms admir'd,
 Each other Belle the slighted Heart desir'd ;
 With practis'd Airs they strove to please the
 Swain,
 With practis'd Airs they purchas'd fresh Disdain.
 No bright enamour'd Fair could e'er incline
 The Heart LAMIRA fir'd without Design.

Where cou'd he fly ? From whence his An-
 guish ease ?
 The Play, the Park, the Ring, no more could
 please ; 30
 4 Each

SELECT LETTERS. 195

Each radiant Beau, with jealous Fury fir'd,
And Solitude and Sounds, with Love conspir'd.

To CUPID thus, while Music's tuneful Aid
Sadden'd each Note, the Boy in Anguish pray'd:

“ Harmonious Pow'r! Accept these mournful
Strains,

“ Reward my Passion, or remove my Pains ;

“ If e'er thy Praise with early Care-I sing,

“ If e'er thy Praise inspire my Ev'ning String,

“ Oh! grant the Arts which make thy Glory
known,

39

“ May move LAMIRA's Breast, or ease my own.”

APOLLO heard, and list'ning to his Grief,
Sent MAIA's nimble Son to bring Relief ;
His Message known, he cleaves the yielding Skies,
And quick as Light'ning to the Suppliant flies ;
Ruffled with Winds, he shakes his azure Plumes,
And round the Place diffus'd divine Perfumes ;
Then thus begins—“ MYRTILLO cease to grieve,
“ And from the *Delphian* Pow'r these Notes re-
ceive ;

“ Think not by Sounds thy Passion to remove,

“ The Breath of Music fans the Fires of Love ;

196 SELECT LETTERS.

" Think not to Music bends a female Ear ; 51
 " (Flatt'ry, the only Sound the Fair can hear !)
 " With Flatt'ry charm her, or with Pomp assail,
 " Those last dear Arts with Females to prevail.
 " Nurs'd by APOLLO long, with genial Care,
 " This pow'rful Present from the God I bear ;
 " These he prescribes, with these he bids pursue,
 " No mortal Female these untouch'd shall view."
 Thus ends the God, and in a Moment flies,
 Whilst on the Board a Shagreen Casket lies. 60

Long Fragrance fills the Room, the sable Box
 The Maid with pious, trembling Hand unlocks ;
 She opes, out fly tèn thousand glitt'ring Rays,
 And hide the Substance, thro' a mingled Blaze ;
 The Radiance charms ; but when with raptur'd
 Eyes,
 And nearer View, she pierc'd the bright Disguise ;
 When the gay Brilliant's Lustre shone confest,
 She clos'd the Box, and joyous thought the rest.
 A Joy like this, harmonious ORPHEUS knew,
 When, wond'rous Husband ! to the Shades he
 flew, 70
 And wand'ring 'long the Gloom, with glad Sur-
 prise
 Perceiv'd at last, his Consort's sparkling Eyes.
 Ah !

SELECT LETTERS. 197

Ah! dear BRILLANTE! few thy Story know;
Whose Beauties in this Gem eternal glow;
Yet shall the pious Muse the Tale relate,
And with her Verse adorn BRILLANTE's Fate.

Of humble Birth the bright Enchanter came,
Unequal to her Beauty, Wit, or Fame;
Deep in a lonely Vale she shone retir'd,
Few saw the Maid, but all who saw admir'd; 80
She shun'd no Virtue, tho' she sought no Praise,
And pass'd in quiet unexpos'd her Days;
Much had she heard the various Toils that wait
The Pride of Riches, and the Pomp of State;
Much her fond Mother taught, with pious Care,
And latest Breath, 'twas dang'rours to be fair.

"BRILLY," she cried, "my tender Child, fare-
wel,

"Shun the gay Court, and grace this humble
Cell;

"There various Arts for Innocence are laid,

"To ruin Youth, and trap th' unwary Maid; 90

"Charms in an humble State may prove a Snare,

"But plac'd on high, they cheat the nicest Care.

"Let ev'ry Rule my living Care supply'd,

"When I'm unheard of, be thy Virtue's Guide;

198 SELECT LETTERS.

“ And ev’ry Maxim giv’n preserve in Store
“ To guard those Charms I now must view no
more.—
“ Adieu—If e’er the Wiles of Courts you see,
“ And weak’ning Virtue falter, think of me.”

Fresh Charms adorn’d her, as more Years she
knew,
Her Fame extended as her Beauties grew; 100
A rigid Sternness all her Beauties arm’d,
Which ev’ry faint minute Approach alarm’d.
The opening Rose shone in her Cheeks refin’d,
And, like its guardian Thorn, her Virtue join’d.

The wond’ring Prince receiv’d at length her
Fame,
And to the Court convey’d th’ unwilling Dame;
Th’ unwilling Dame to please he vainly strove,
Too soon she rais’d, but ne’er return’d his Love.

Here long she shone untainted and the same,
And as her Virtue, spotless was her Fame; 110
By Arts unsoften’d, tho’ by Arts improv’d,
Her Charms mov’d all, by Charms herself un-
mov’d.

APOLLO



SELECT LETTERS. 199

APOLLO burn'd—But since the Fair cou'd
prove

In courts uninjur'd, still restrain'd his Love,
And wond'ring, swore, a Nymph so fair, so chaste,
In Fame's Memorial, by the Pow'r should last;
Hence, when to Dust dissolv'd, his shining Frame
Contracting, soon a glitt'ring Gem became;
Charms not inferior still the Stone retains,
And wounding all, itself untouch'd remains. 120

These signal Honours LOVE indignant bore,
And vow'd to raze them, or his own restore.
“ If thus,” he cry'd, “ BRILLANTE void of Pain,
“ Could all my Arrows, all my Arts sustain,
“ Yet shall her Fate assist my slighted Bow,
“ And raise those Joys, she ne'er deserv'd to
know;
“ For me her Gem its Lustre shall employ,
“ For me her Patron's hourly Rays enjoy,
“ For me o'er yielding Panes victorious move,
“ And paint in am'rous Lines th' immortal Feats
of LOVE.” 130

T H E
D I A M O N D.

~~~~~  
C A N T O    I I .  
~~~~~

NOW Sol to western Climes directs his Blaze,
And gilds LAMIRA's Couch with parting
Rays,
The Hour, when Nymphs on airy Substance
prey,
And thinly feed on Scandal and on Tea.

The Moment comes—the Visitants are seen,
With Tales replete, and grossly fill'd with Spleen ;
The powder'd Valet trips in neat Array ;
Bright on the Tea-Board shines the glitt'ring
Clay ;

There

There artful China, pictur'd Grotts and Bow'rs,
 Hills, Rivers, Vallies, Turrets, Meads and
 Flow'rs. 140

Bright azure Pastures, deep impervious Shades,
 Deserving Swains, and not ingrateful Maids ;
 Beneath a clouded Beach a Shepherd lay,
 And with blue Fingers play'd, or seem'd to play,
 The gen'rous Nymphs forfook the neighb'ring
 Plains,

To court his Passion, or admire his Strains ;
 The eager Painter form'd too quick the Glance,
 And Thirst of Gain had spoil'd the mimic Dance,
 (Oh, hateful Av'rice ! ever doom'd to prove
 The Bane of Arts, and much unkind to Love) 150
 The gazing Flocks, and softly-treading Fawns,
 With Ears up-lifted seem to skim the Lawns :
 Full twice a Day can this LAMIRA view,
 Yet hear unmov'd her Swain his Notes renew ?

Th' impartial Pot streams equal Shares around,
 Scarce on the Bench is greater Justice found ;
 The Sugar sinks, like *Zembla's* Hills of Snow,
 Whene'er decending Tides their Tops o'erflow,
 The soft Imperial breaths a fragrant Fume,
 And from each Cheek calls forth reviving Bloom ;
 But chief LAMIRA, doubly form'd to please, 161
 Shone Beauty's Queen, amidst her infant Seas.
 Hail,

SELECT LETTERS. 203

Hail, fav'rite Plant! whose fragrant Scent in-
spires

The Statesman's Projects, and the Poet's Fires.
Hail, ever-lov'd! and tho' sometimes you flow
A Friend to Scandal, ne'er to Wit a Foe.
A beauteous Nymph (Oh, had she been but free
From Scandal's Taint) eternal breathes in thee:
Ah! let the Muse (what Female can contain
A Secret known) poor THEA's Fate explain. 170

THEA a Nymph, whom ENVY, wand'ring o'er
This nether World, to artful MOMUS bore;
Too soon she knew no Scandal to conceal,
And learnt to raise it, or when rais'd reveal;
Her stamm'ring Tongue was fram'd to lisp Dis-
grace;

But when she spake, all Merit left the Place!
Her careful Parents as she grew display'd
Each various Branch of Slander's mystic Trade;
The Look sincere, the deep persuasive Wile,
The Frown tremendous, and more dreadful
Smile, 171

The Wink, which more than real Blame instils,
Pity that murders, and Concern that kills,
Malicious Whisp'rings, ever fatal found,
Which, like retiring *Partians*, doubly wound,
Wit

204 SELECT LETTERS.

Wit to invent, and Malice to declare
 Disgrace on all the Witty; Chaste or Fair:
 All these they taught, and what they taught en-
 join'd,
 And view'd themselves in THEA more refin'd.

Ah, thoughtless Pair! your fatal Kindness
 leave,
 Nor bless those Arts for which you once must
 grieve. 190
 The Nymph with these, and Arts like these, en-
 du'd,
 Charms, Virtue, Wit, with artful Spite pursu'd.
 From Earth's Abodes, at length exil'd the Fair,
 To Heav'n confin'd and persecuted there,
 There, blending Vice with Virtue, Truth with
 Lies,
 Left not one Virgin to adorn the Skies.

She told why Deities admire Perfumes,
 And trac'd the heav'nly Rise of Black-Lead
 Combs ;
 Gave Hints, what Stays mechanic PALLAS wore,
 And why DIANA chac'd the sylvan Boar ; 200
 What Muse forgot her Eye-brow Box she shew'd,
 And why AURORA's Face with Crimson glow'd;
 She

SELECT LETTERS. 205

She knew that Virgin Vestal was no Saint,
And JUNO's Toilette shone with Floods of Paint;
That VENUS sure from Nature ne'er would swerve,
But for Ambrosia, Iv'ry Teeth might serve.

Revenge and Rage th' offended Pow'rs alarms,
For heav'nly Breasts terrestrial Fury warms;
Conscious of Virtue some with Rage o'erflow'd;
Of Guilt the most with deeper Crimson glow'd.

As once, DIANA chac'd along the Glade 217
Her usual Prey, she spy'd th' ill-fated Maid,
“ And, take,” she cry'd, “ from CYNTHIA'S
Bow the Fate,
“ Which injur'd Fame exacts, alas! too late!”
She said—the Javelin pierc'd her tender Side,
And the moist Turf with guilty Crimson dy'd;
Quick on the Turf a rising Plant was seen,
Which bears her Name, and blooms for ever
green.

Now Tea and Coffee spire in Steams no more,
And Cups inverted shew the Banquet o'er; 220
Not so the Slander—SILVIA's Hand sustains
A Cup enrich'd with nine important Grains;
From

206 SELECT LETTERS.

From hence the Fair the Fall of Modes discerns,
 And Life's Events in typic Visions learns,
 The Fair's important Annals hence relates,
 And with soft ruby Lips unfolds the Fates,
 Yet now her own for Fortune's Will displays,
 And guides those Laws which Jove himself
 obeys :

For gay SELINDA, Visits, Journeys, News,
 And one poor Lover at a Distance views ; 230
 In CHLOE's hapless Dish, more deeply brown,
 The sable Honours of a Parson's Gown ;
 LIVONIA's yields Groves, Meadows, Fields and
 Lawns,

And in her own, a Star obscurely dawns.

" Tell me," she cries, " why that small Meteor
 shines,

" Which with the Dishes azure Circle joins ;"

But, ah ! what Pen, LAMIRA, shall explain

Thy Anger, Scorn, Resentment and Disdain,

When she, too partial to the States Decree, 239

Consign'd MYRTILLO, hapless Maid, to thee ?

" Revenge, revenge," she cries, " insulting
 Dame !

" Shall Charms like mine, inferior Vot'rys claim ?

" I too

"I too might boast"—The vaunting Females rise,
And each loud Voice united, rends the Skies,
Their Vict'ries, Spoils, and Triumphs, each avers,
Earnest in vain! for none is heard or hears.

So in those Days, when Jove in frantic Mirth,
Vouchsaf'd to comfort humble Maids on Earth,
If one ambitious made her Conquest known, 249
Each vaunting Female brag'd the Case her own.

Parting, they vow Revenge; they vow in vain,
The Fair's Diversions soon unite again.

CUPID mean Time had from MYRTILLO flew;
And on the Table drops a *Billet-doux*.

Thither to seek the Glass's timely Aid,
For ruffled Features, hy'd th' abandon'd Maid;
But soon her Charms their usual Force renew'd,
When on the Board the well-known Shape she
view'd;

She eyes the Wax, adorn'd with rubric Darts,
And in the Opening, breaks three flaming Hearts.

"A Ticket—hum—the Name conceal'd I find;

"'Tis much in vain—his Lordship's wond'rous
kind.

262

"Dear

208 SELECT LETTERS.

“ Dear Music ! Well !—If Bliss above be giv’n;
“ And Nymphs have Souls—sure Music is our
Heaven.”

Ah, thoughtless Maid ! to seek the fatal Place,
So long decreed MYRTILLO’s Pow’r to raise;
There first thine Eyes devour’d the treach’rous
Blaze,

There first thine Eyes occur’d with rival Rays;
At ev’ry Chord the fatal Lustre streams, 269
And the gay Ring re-gilds un-number’d Beams.
How killing ev’ry Sound when Splendour fires !
How pow’rful ev’ry Ray when Sound conspires !
No more, frail Nymph, unmov’d she sees or hears,
But drinks deep Poison in at Eyes and Ears.

T H E

T H E
D I A M O N D.

C A N T O I I I.

NOW from Earth's Surface pearly Spangles
rise,

The Morning-Star no more adorns the Skies,
And PHOEBUS issuing in unclouded Bloom,
Had woke a brighter to supply its Room,
LAMIRA rose—but diff'rent far her Mien,
Far chang'd her Looks, from what they late were
seen ; 280

Uneasy Thoughts each alter'd Feature shew'd,
And her dear Cheek with fev'rish Crimson glow'd,
The Looks of Care yet lovely still she bore,
And Grief but chang'd the Charms reveal'd be-
fore.

Vol. II.

P

“ DORIS,

“ DORIS,” she cry’d, “ what anxious Cares
infest,

“ What Doubts disquiet my ill-fated Breast ?

“ Were not my Pride superior to my Pain,

“ I could not slight the Boy with mere Disdain ;

“ With such high Raptures ev’ry Gesture fir’d,

“ Such more than usual Bliss his Strains inspir’d,

“ Some heav’nly Pow’r—nor let vain Tongues
deny

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“ The serious Truth—invests the fav’rite Boy.

“ When soothing Accents lull’d the Lover’s
Pains,

“ And ARIADNE clos’d the dying Straïns,

“ The Loves and Graces join’d in wanton Play,

“ And with the softening Thrills I dy’d away.

“ How curst this ling’ring live-long Night has
flown

“ In sleepless Hours, or Sleep to Rest unknown.

“ Perplex’d awake, in vain I Sleep implor’d,

“ Sleep to my Eyes the fatal Form restor’d ; 300

“ Thro’ shapeless Ways fatigu’d, by Fancy borne,

“ In frantic Rage I curs’d the loit’ring Morn ;

“ O’er pathless Downs methought he wildly flew,

“ Still as he ran, my eager Passion grew.

“ In

SELECT LETTERS. 211

“ In vain, with Toil successless, I pursu’d ;
“ In vain, with eager Hope, the Chace renew’d.
“ How wild are Dreams !—the Brilliant’s silver
Ray

“ Seem’d from his Hand to point the wish’d for
Way ;

“ Still with repeated Strife I seek the Chace,
“ Still the swift Boy eludes my sought Embrace :
“ Sometimes I heard some faint imperfect Strains
“ Divinely warble o’er the echoing Plains ;
“ Mov’d by the Winds, his Tresses sweetly flow’d,
“ And more than mortal in each Feature glow’d.

“ Tell me, whence spring the Tortures I endure ;
“ If this be Love, or if it be, to cure.
“ Fate sure these Charms for other Flames de-
sign’d,
“ For other Flames the *Cyprian* Queen refin’d.

“ To shine the first at Park, at Ring and Ball,
“ To see lac’d Valets wait in Crouds one’s Call ;
“ Still to be envied, to whom this is giv’n— 321
“ Ye Gods! how nearly Earth resembles Heav’n!

“ Ah, fickle Females! how shall I display
“ The Revolutions of one female Day ?

212 SELECT LETTERS.

“ Such num’rous Changes in one Hour abound,
 “ Such the Succession in a Moment found,
 “ When balanc’d Passions their short Reign divide,
 “ And Vanity and Love by Turns subside.”

Thus pass’d the doubtful Day the fault’ring
 Dame, 33ⁱ

Till in Love’s fav’rite Hour MYRTILLO came,
 His radiant Buckles now their Charms display,
 And set in Sable, shine profusely gay.
 But when he danc’d, she gaz’d with raptur’d Eyes,
 And raptur’d Love unreal Charms supplies ;
 No longer now unmov’d she flights his Pains,
 But ev’ry Look her yielding Soul explains,
 Each tender Glance her flutt’ring Heart alarms,
 Each Action fires her, and each Motion charms.
 This erring Nymphs an Air, a Grace may call—
 Oh, blind to Truth !—The Brilliant forms it all.*

34^o

* This was written before the *Snuff-Box*, at the Time
 I lived at *Harborough*, perhaps about the Year 1734, and
 has a more simple Plan than the other ; but has little or
 nothing to recommend it besides. W. SHENSTONE.

L E T-

LETTER XLV.

Mrs. ——— to Mr. HULL.

PERMIT me, Sir, to assure you, that to me your Manner of receiving what I thought only a due Acknowledgment to your disinterested Friendship, more than even acquits a real Obligation, as well as gives me a sincere Pleasure in reflecting, that what I esteem'd is at last in the Hands of one who will equally value its intrinsic Worth, and is so much more capable of introducing it properly to the public Inspection; such I imagine is your Intention, and I most willingly receive the Favour you offer, of letting me know your Determination; for why may I not look upon the Friend of a Gentleman, whose Memory I esteem, in the Number of my own? Give me leave so to do, and as such to present the Compliments of the Season to you and Mrs. HULL, and cordial Wishes for your seeing many happy Returns.

P 3

The

The Manner of the *Diamond* is similar to the Poem you mention;* but if I may, without exposing my Judgment, speak the Truth, I give the former the Preference, even against POPE, and this because I think there is greater Delicacy of Sentiment: but what else could be expected from a Mind, the Characteristics of which were refined Sensibility, and unbounded Benevolence? Though, as I cannot express more than I believe you think, I will stop my Pen, by saying, that I trust you will allow your own Wish, relative to the *Snuff-Box*, as a Plea for my so soon troubling you with another Letter, and that I remain, with due Respect,

SIR,

Your obliged and obedient humble Servant,

Monday Night, Jan. 16, 1775.

* POPE's *Rape of the Lock*,

P. S.

P. S. I thank you for the two Inscriptions, to the Memory of our amiable Friend. They would have been agreeable Companions to some of the same Turn already printed at the End of his Works, by Mr. DODSLEY. That which was wrote by CUNNINGHAM is possessed of genuine Elegance and Sensibility. I dare say you think so. Those you have sent, affect me in the same Manner; particularly the *Prose-Tribute*, which you tell me came from a female Pen. I think I can guess the Writer, and would, when next I see her, challenge a Confession, were I sure I could do it without wounding her Delicacy of Feeling.

The Elegy I also admire much. The Thoughts of the Author are equally tender and benevolent with those of the Friend, whose Memory he so pathetically laments. The last Lines of the second Stanza particularly please me.

I N S C R I P T I O N

Alluded to in the foregoing Letter:

On the left Side
of the sole Building I can call my own
is consecrated
a *Monument*

to the Memory of
the beloved and lamented
WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

'Tis form'd something like an Urn,
and of a Substance so soft,
that all his Virtues
were with Ease engraven on it,
yet so tenacious,
they never can be eras'd:
It is inscrib'd, with Affection and Respect,
for the gentle and elegant Qualities
of which he was
the happy Possessor;
and stamp'd with the deepest Gratitude,
for the Honour he had conferr'd,
by his kind and condescending Notice,
on the
thereby-dignified Owner.

M. M—.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

Referred to in the foregoing Postscript.

WHEN Music awakens the Grove,
 Soft-breathing the pastoral Note,
 Ye Shepherds, who know how to love,
 Be CORYDON never forgot!
 Of Swains the most tender and kind,
 Now low in the Dust is he laid—
 Ye, who knew not his elegant Mind,
 Ah, me!—What a Loss have ye had!

His Feelings were mild as the Air,
 That pants on the Bosom of *May*;
 His Truth as the Sun-Beam was clear,
 And his Heart was as open as Day:
 When a neighbouring Swain was in Grief,
 His Wants he would gladly supply;
 If his Acres deny'd the Relief,
 Like him would he sadden and sigh.

His Verse was the Pride of the Grove,
 His Song to the Valley was dear,
 And the Shepherd, who knows how to Love,
 Still hallows his Name with a Tear.

When

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When the Village is folded in Sleep,
And Midnight envelopes the Skies,
The Muses still cluster, still weep,
O'er the Turf where our CORYDON lies.

L E T T E R XLVI.

R. G——, Esq. to Mr. HULL.

Dear, &c.

I Received your Letter, and it has astonish'd me, that you can be in the least Degree hurt by the Opinion of narrow Minds. With Regard to the Grievance you complain of; let it be always a Matter of Consolation to you, that the illiberal Treatment Actors may sometimes meet with, on Account of their Profession, can never proceed from any but illiberal Minds; 'tis the Censurers themselves who become Objects of Contempt, when they would render you so, *from that Consideration merely*: and this Reflection ought therefore to make you as indifferent to such Instances of Ignorance and Ill-breeding,

I ing,

ing, as you would be to a *Billinggate* Scold, or a *St. Giles's* Abuse.

An Actor is a respectable Character, while he properly considers, and endeavours to preserve the original Design of his Profession; and I have ever been of Opinion, and am convinced of the Truth of the Maxim, that acting should unquestionably be accepted among the Liberal Arts, even with this Advantage over Poetry and Painting, that it superadds Example to Document and Delight. 'Tis the *living Moral*, while the others are but the *dead Letter*. The Stage is a School, and may be an useful one too—As such it was patronized and cherished by the wisest and most virtuous States of *Greece* and *Rome*; and it has been the Fault of Managers, not of Actors, whenever Theatres have ceased to afford either Precept or Example.

There are so many Requisites of Talents, Assiduity, and Person, to form a complete Actor, that even a moderate Degree of Excellence should be deemed sufficient Merit to entitle a Performer to the public Favour and Indulgence: to which, if an honest, decent
and

and unexceptionable Repute be joined, I can see no Sort of Reason, in the Nature or Distinction of Things, why the *Sock and Buskin* should not be admitted *ad eundem* with the *Coif and Cowl*; so that it must be the *personal* Character, and not the *Dramatis Personæ*, that can ever debase your Profession; in which Predicament, both the Parson and the Lawyer stand equally with you.

But, indeed, the World, that illiberal Part of it which you hint at, are apt to consider us Authors, also, in the same inferior Light they do Actors. I remember a Friend of mine, sometime ago, was cast off by his Father, for having published a very ingenious Poem, while he was a Student at the Temple; and another Acquaintance was severely reproved by his Relations, for having married a Lady, every other Way worthy of his Choice, *because she had written a Book*.

Such curious Censors, I suppose, would despise the Meanness of my Spirit now, if I should declare to them, that I would rather have been HOMER or VIRGIL, than ALEXANDER

SELECT LETTTRS. 221

ANDER or AUGUSTUS ; and ROSCIUS the Actor, than the Tribune of the same Name; though the latter was a Sort of Manager, as may be proved by his having framed the *Lex Roscia*, for the Regulation of the Theatre at Rome. But it might possibly reconcile them to me again, if I should confess this common Foible of human Nature, at the same Time, that fond as I am of Fame, I would yet rather be even what I am myself *now*, than the best of them all *then*. This is some Sort of Qualification to the former Sentiment.

I shall here conclude my Letter to you, with intreating, that you will continue to defeat the Malice of such ignorant Censors, by an uniform Attention to the Spirit and Utility of that *Walk* in Life, which either Fortune, or your own Choice, has led you into. Elevate your Crest; take Σημηὶ πάς ὁ Βίος, for your Motto, and study the following Lines, which this Subject has just brought to my Mind.

*Pro Libitū imponunt peragendas Numina Partes.
Tu pulchré peragas ; cætera mitte Deo.*

Si

*Si recte tractes, Laus est tractare secundas;
 Summa etiam parvis gloria Rebus inest.
 Explodam, CÆSAR, malè si mandata loqueris,
 Atque idem plaudam, si benè DAVUS agit.
 Et vitam dubitamus adhuc extendere factis!
 Tu meritis, si non Tempore, vive diu.
 Ni facinus dignum tam Longo admitteris Ævo,
 Dicitur, NESTOR, vel tua Vita brevis.
 Quandocunque exis, sit Cura exire decenter,
 Et plausû exactum Turba coronet Opus.*

UNDE NESSIO.

Farewel—Despise low-minded Censurers. The Drama subsists for the Propagation and Improvement of moral Virtue. Wise Men know this. Your Profession has to you answered the dearest and best Purposes—(You know whereto I allude)—Be grateful for the Benefits, and do not let Fools put you out of Conceit with it.

Yours affectionately,

R. G—,

L E T.

LETTER XLVII.*

— to Mrs. S—.

Venice, Oct. 10.

WHEN I underwent the painful Ceremony of taking Leave of the worthy Family I have left with so much Regret, I remember you charged me to write as soon as I should reach this Place; I accordingly begin my Task, and am very happy to have an Opportunity of writing to you a good long Letter, without the Expence of Postage, which I have not the Vanity to suppose my Epistles deserve; I send this by a pretty Sort of Man, whose Name is —, and who, I should suppose, has some strong Attachment in your County, which induces him to take so long a Journey at this rude Season of the Year.

We were very fortunate in Weather, and found the Roads as good as the Nature of the

* This Letter (like some others in this Collection) is purposely misplaced in Point of Date, in order to connect Matter rather than Periods.

Country

Country will allow them to be. Some Parts of *Savoy* are frightfully wild and dreary, other Parts very romantic and beautiful. I was vastly amused with the Manner of crossing Mount *Cenis*: the Chairs we are carried in, or rather on, resemble a good deal a *Chinese* Palanquin, only they want a Canopy over them; the Chairmen are certainly the best in the World, or it would be both dangerous and frightful; it seems to me, that they have the Strength of Mules, and the Agility of Goats, for they run down the Precipices, and bound from Rock to Rock, in a most astonishing Manner. The Ascent of the Mountain is three Miles, on the Side of *Savoy*, the Plain on the Top, six Miles in Length, and the Descent on the *Turin* Side, six Miles more; we had four Men to each of the Ladies' Chairs, and six to the Gentlemen's, and after carrying us these fifteen dreadful Miles, they were quite delighted that our Party took them on from *Novalesse* (a small Town at the Foot of Mount *Cenis*) to *Susa*, which is nine Miles further, and they carried us the last three Leagues in an Hour and a Half, laughing and jesting with each other all the Way, as if they had been doing a Thing
merely

merely for Sport and Amusement; so you see, how visible the Goodness of Providence is to all Creatures; these poor Souls, who spend all their Lives in the utmost Indigence, and inhabit a Country that seems only fit for Savages, if they are denied the Luxuries of Life, are amply repaid in the Enjoyment of a double Portion of Health and Strength.

We stopped a few Days at *Lyons*, *Turin*, *Milan* and *Verona*, and saw every Thing worthy a Stranger's Curiosity, in each of these fine Cities; nothing amused me more, than seeing a Parcel of *Angels* walking about the Streets of *Milan*; they were fine Cherry-cheek'd Boys, ready dressed for a grand Procession that was preparing for the Day following, in Honour of the *Virgin Mary's* Birth-Day. *Venice* is a very magnificent Place, and possesses the Charm of Novelty in a much higher Degree than any of the other Places I have named; 'tis impossible to give a stronger Idea of it, 'tis in a Stile so peculiar to itself. The Masking is begun, which is extremely entertaining: I should be excessively happy to pop in amongst your dear Society some Day, when you are all

assembled ; I assure you, it would be no small Surprize to see me in a *Venetian* Dress ; it consists of a long black silk Cloak, called here a *Tabora* ; a *Baouta*, which is made of black Lace, three Quarters of a Yard long, and five Times as wide, and hangs about the Shoulders like a Petticoat ; it has a Hood to it, which, when you choose to be concealed, covers the bottom Part of the Face to the upper Lip, the rest is hid by a white Mask, and the Women wear on their Heads a Man's Hat smartly cocked ; the *Venetian* Women, who are rather masculine in their Manner, look still more so in this Dress.

When we have had the ——— here for ten Days, which made the Town all alive : I will describe to you one of the Entertainments made for him, and that will serve as a Specimen of all the rest. Our *English* Resident had not then got into his Palace, (as it is justly called, being a noble one) so that he could not make any Entertainments for the ———, but I partook some excellent Music one Morning in a private Manner, which he seemed to enjoy the more for being so. The
Night

Night after ————'s Arrival, Count ————, the ———— Ambassador, invited all the *English*, the foreign Nobility that don't belong to *Venice*, and all the foreign Ministers, to a magnificent Supper. The Ambassadress received her Guests with mingled Grace and Dignity; she is really a fine Woman, and her Beauty was heightened by all the Elegance of Dress. Soon after the Company were assembled, a most delightful Serenade began upon the Water, which was not only delightful to the Ear, but formed a very beautiful Object to the Sight, for the Musicians were placed in a large open Barge finely illuminated; the Harmony drew around them an infinite Number of Gondolas belonging to the noble *Venetians*, who could no otherwise partake of this Feast; for by their Laws they are secluded from all Commerce with Strangers, that are in a public Character. At proper Intervals of the Music, all Sorts of Refreshments of Ices, Fruits, Sweetmeats, Lemonades, &c. &c. were presented to the Company, who, when they had listened to the Serenade for some Time, changed the Scene, either sat down to Cards, or formed little chatting Parties. When the Card-Tables broke

up, a very elegant Concert, composed of a few choice Pieces of Music, performed by the very best Hands, agreeably filled up Time, till a most magnificent Supper was served. When the Company rose from Table, Coffee was brought, which is the Custom here after Supper, as well as after Dinner; when this was over, a superb Barge attended, in which ———, and all the Ladies, and a suitable Number of Gentlemen were placed, and rowed to St. Mark's (which is the only public Place here for walking) followed by the Music, the rest of the Company in their Gondolas, and those of the noble *Venetians* which the Harmony had attracted. After walking for some Time to enjoy the cool Air, the Company retired to a very elegant Apartment, which the Ambassador has on the Place of St. Mark, where she receives her Company, when she chuses to be in private. When we had chatted here for Half an Hour, it was found to be a proper Time to retire, as it was three o'Clock in the Morning; and so ended this agreeable Even, every Part of which was employed in some innocent Amusement, without any Thing being hurried or confused. I have been the more particular in this

Ac-

Account, that you may see, my good Friend, that Taste and Elegance is no more wanting in *Venice*, than it is in the gay Metropolis of *Britain*.

I hope you will soon indulge me with a Letter, and that it will bring me a good Account of yourself, and every worthy Individual of our Friends in Friendship assembled;

— — — — —
I long to hear that good Mrs. — is well re-established in her Health; she is a worthy Soul, and one cannot help wishing such People to live for ever. I hope, my dear Friend, though such a cruel Distance divides us, that I am not esteemed the less, or less remembered, than if I was with you; I find the same Warmth of Affection towards all our Friends, as if I were not absent, therefore beg you will give my best Affections.

I went the other Day to see the Ceremony of a Nun taking the last Veil, and 'tis very awful and melancholy. I will describe it to you as concisely as possible. First, the divine Service is performed with very fine Music, both

vocal and instrumental, in the Church of the Convent; then a little Door is opened in the Grate of the private Chapel, before which the Nun is seated on a Chair of State under a Canopy, with a Prayer-Book in her Hand, till the Service is finished; she then comes forward, and kneeling at the Grate, repeats to a Priest the Vows of the Order, and promises Obedience to the Abbess; she then rises, and the Nuns take off her white Veil, and put on a black one, after which she kneels and says some Prayers; then six of the Sisters advance, and hold over her a purple Pall, whilst Part of the Funeral-Service is read, during which Time she is supposed to be *dead*; they then take away the purple Cloth, and the Abbess places on her Head a Crown richly ornamented with Jewels, to signify that she dies to the World and rises again to Glory; she then receives from the Priest a Tablet, with the Rules of the Order, which she reads over and kisses; then, with the Tablet in one Hand, and a long Wax Taper, ornamented with Wreaths of Flowers, in the other, she walks slowly round the Chapel, followed by the rest of the Nuns, and deposits the Tablet on the Altar. Thus ends
the

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the melancholy Ceremony. This young Lady was very pretty, and not above seventeen; we all thought she had an Appearance of great Constraint in her Chearfulness; but we were assured, it was entirely her Choice, that she had a large Fortune, had buried her Father, and was Mistress of herself; perhaps it may be the Taste of the Family, for another Sister professed last Year in the same Convent.

Though we are scarce settled here, I was determined I would not lose so fair an Opportunity of writing to you, so hope you will excuse so vile a Scrawl, and believe me, when I assure you, there is nothing more true, than that I am, my good and amiable Friend, ever most sincerely and affectionately yours.

LETTER XLVIII.

— to Mrs. S —.

Venice, Dec. 25.

MAY every Blessing of this chearful Season await you, and every Individual of the happy Family and Friends you are with! May your Pleasures be unmixed with Pain, and your Years numerous and happy!—Receive these fervent Wishes of an exiled Member of your worthy Society, and be assured, that though you are all absent from my Sight, you are ever present to my Mind. I wrote you a long Letter, near three Months ago, by a *Welsh* Gentleman, who assured me, he should be in your Part of the World as soon as the Post; when, to my Surprise, three Weeks ago, I heard of his being at *Turin*, where he will stay the Winter; therefore, as I am quite in the Dark, in regard to the Fate of my unfortunate Epistle, I could not be easy till

I had

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I had again set Pen to Paper, to request you will all continue to love me as I do you, which I assure you is with undiminished Truth. I believe I told you in my last, how to forward a Letter to me; but for fear you have never received it, I will repeat it: if you can send it to any Friend in *London*, and get them to forward it by the Penny-Post to — — — — —

Your old Acquaintance, Dr. T—, has been here some Time; and though he sees a thousand Modes which we know to be very disgustful to his strict Principles of Decorum and Propriety, he preserves the same Tranquillity of Temper as usual. His Benevolence of Heart can never leave him. He has formed a Kind of Intimacy with a young Countryman of his, whose Father lives in the same County where the Doctor's Estate lies. On this Foundation alone, he assumes a Sort of parental Authority over the young Traveller, advises and reproves him: but then you know his Manner; his Advices are but soft Solicitations, and

and his Reproofs but friendly Admonitions. How delightful to behold, in a Man of his advanced Years, such a soft Concern, and ready Allowance, for the Failings of Youth! He says, the Youth has too strong a Turn for Dissipation; but there are Qualities which well deserve a Friend's Endeavours to reclaim him. How unlike is he to — — — — —

— — — — —
— — — — —

I am become wonderfully fond of the masquing Dress, and am told, I wear it just as well as a *Venetian*; 'tis the most comfortable, warm, Walking-Dress that can be conceived; I have kept House these last nine Days, because it was prohibited, but to-morrow Masquing begins again, and continues till Lent. I am told we had an Earthquake, but, thank God, I did not perceive it: since that, there had been very tempestuous Weather, and violent Snow and Rain, which, added to a high Tide, overflowed all the Canals, and I can't but say, at that Time, *Venice* gave me a strong Idea of the universal Deluge.

There have been four Theatres open till within these nine Days, and I am told, in the Carnival there will be no less than seven. The comic Opera was very pleasing, in Point of Music, and always crouded; but the serious Opera nobody could bear, though ——— sung in it, and ——— who is reckoned one of the best tenor Voices, if not the very best, now living. By this you will perceive how the *English* and *Italian* Taste for Music differs; though I must say, I believe the greatest Admirers of ——— would allow he is much altered for the worse; for my own Part, had I not remembered his Person, I should not have had the least Recollection of him from his Voice. The Theatre, he performed at, was entirely fitted up with Glass, both the Stage and all the Boxes, which, when well lighted, had a fine Effect. There was a Change of the Scenes for one of the Dances, that was, I think, one of the most beautiful Things I ever beheld.

The *Italian* Comedy does not delight me much, for I do not understand the Language well

well enough yet, to be amused with the *Bon-mots* of HARLEQUIN, and to laugh at him because he has a black Face, and at PANTALON, merely for having a long Beard; it is not what I feel myself much disposed to do. I understand the *Italian* Tragedies better than the Comedies, but I find the Actors infinitely below ours. I intend to be very studious, and when all the Family are gadding to the Opera and the Play, I shall sit at home and drudge at the *Italian*.

We have, at present, a second Edition of the ———, who has been at *Venice* a Week, but on *Monday* next he leaves us entirely. This Time he has spent most of his leisure Hours with our Resident, and expresses great Pleasure in being received on an intimate and easy Footing; he is really a very sensible and agreeable Man, and, as far as can be judged from outward Appearance, is very amiable: he has with him two young *German* Barons, who are also very pretty Kind of Men, and speak *English* so well, that it is a Comfort to hear them.

I am

I am obliged to you for the Anecdote relating to — — — — —

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The Variety of different Characters, from different Nations, which we meet here, is beyond Belief astonishing; a descriptive Satirist might find great Employment, and entertain you highly. You know I am not fond of Satire; but I will endeavour, in plain Colours, to paint one Character, because very singular, it is that of — — — — —

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We may give ourselves what Airs we please about our *English* Liberty, but for the *Ladies*, *Italy* is undoubtedly the Land of perfect Freedom; to all public Places, they constantly go in Pairs; with their *Cavalier-Servantes*, and put me much in Mind of the *clean* and *unclean* Beasts going into the Ark. What would become of the Reputation of a miserable *English* Woman, if she was to go to the Play with a Man *tête-à-tête*? And yet that is constantly done here without Imputation of Wrong—In short, if a Woman has any Mind to be wicked, *Venice* seems to be the last Place in the World to give her better Sentiments.

How delighted should I be to surprize the dear Society, some Night or other, when you are over your sober Game of Quadrille, in my white Masque and Man's Hat; you have no Notion with what an Air I have learnt to put it over my right Eye. I will not despair but that we may again meet happily under that hospitable Roof, where for some Weeks, in the Enjoyment of such friendly
Con-

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Conversation, I tasted so much real Happiness and Peace,

I did not know, before I had the melancholy Experience of it, how very irksome and painful a Feel it is, to be so very far from those we truly regard. Adieu! my dear Friends, may Heaven shower upon you all its choicest Blessings, is the sincere and constant Prayer of your ever faithful and affectionate

LETTER XLIX.

Dr. A——, to Mr. HULL.

Venice, April 3, 1766.

THE only Task you enjoined me on leaving *England*, is, perhaps, the most difficult you could have exacted from me; nevertheless, I am resolved to attempt it; for, however you may be disappointed in my Performance, I shall, at least, have the Satisfaction
of

of proving, that I chearfully obey any Request of yours, and, though surrounded with Difficulties, I enter upon the Performance of my Promise with Courage; well knowing, from the Candour of your Disposition, that you will accept of an earnest Desire on my Part to gratify your laudable Curiosity, in Lieu of greater Abilities for such an Undertaking.

I am not surpris'd, that a Person of your speculative Turn should feel an earnest Desire to be made acquainted with some Particulars relative to the wise and complicated Government of the Republic of *Venice*; it justly merits the Attention of the sensible and curious Part of Mankind, were it only to discover by what Means it has been preserved nearly in the same State, for such a Number of Ages; but it is hardly possible to arrive with Certainty at this Knowledge; for there is no Subject the *Venetians* are so tenacious of conversing upon as Politicks, profound Secrecy being the great Engine on which this very singular Government turns. I find *one must* not depend too much on the Accounts of those who have written upon the Subject, for after allowing
the

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the utmost to their Integrity and Industry, they must have been often liable to Misinformation, besides the unavoidable Change that Time naturally produces in all sublunary Things. I have now lying before me a History of the Republic, by AMELOT DE LA HOUSSAI, one by ST. DISDIER, and another by the ABBÉ LANGIER, of a much later Date; and I shall freely transcribe from these Authors, in as succinct a Manner as possible, all such Passages as coincide with the present State of Things: but the most pleasing Assistant I promise myself is, Mr. SMITH, who has been settled in this City a great Number of Years, and was formerly the *British* Consul; he is now retired from Business, and devotes his Time to the Study and Encouragement of the polite Arts, of which he is a liberal Protector; he is, at present, appointed *Chargé d'Affaires*, by our Court, till the Arrival of Sir JAMES WRIGHT, who succeeds the present Ambassador at *Constantinople* in the Residency of *Venice*. I am sorry the new Minister is not expected during my Stay here, for, as I am told, he has spent some Time in this Capital, when upon his Travels in a private

vate Character. Under his Auspices, I might, perhaps, with more Ease, have pursued my Researches. Mr. SMITH is an intelligent, sensible Man, and preserves, in a very advanced Age, a Degree of Politeness, Vivacity and Good-Humour, rarely to be met with, which renders his Conversation as pleasing as it is instructive. This Gentleman is married to the Sister of Mr. MURRAY, the late Resident, a very amiable Woman; their House is open every Evening to the *English*, in the most easy, agreeable Manner, where I have infinite Pleasure in talking over, in a polite chearful Circle, the *Virtù* that has engaged my Attention in the Morning; but through this Correspondence, I shall not prophane my favourite Subject, by introducing it with the dry one, your Curiosity has led me to.

AS ST. DISDIER is my favourite Writer on the State of *Venice*, I shall begin with his Account of the Origin of this City, but must first endeavour to make you acquainted with the *Lagunes*, (or Lakes) which I look upon to be the great Sources of Health and Pleasure, to the *Venetians*, as well as the Means
by

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by which all their Wants are supplied ; nothing can be more delicious, than the Airings the Nobility take on these Lakes during the Summer Season, sometimes attended with a Barge filled with Musicians, and often *tête-à-tête* with their *Cicisbeo*, in a Gondola, which is an easy and luxurious Conveyance. The *Lagunes* are formed by a strong Bank of Sand, at the Entrance of the Gulph, which extends from South to West about thirty-six Miles, and is about six Hundred Feet in Breadth ; the Sea, having broke through the Bank in six different Places, has covered with Water all the low Land for seven or eight Miles, leaving a Number of small Islands, upon which are built the Towns of the *Lagunes*. The six Passages above-mentioned, are the only Ports by which Vessels can approach to *Venice*. First, that of *Brondolo*, to the South ; secondly, *Cbiofa*, (an episcopal City ;) thirdly, *Malamocco* ; fourthly, *Lido*, (opposite to the East Point of *Venice* ;) fifthly, *St. Erasmus*, and sixthly, the three Ports ; by this last, only the small fishing Barks can pass.

In the Year 407, the *Goths*, under the Command of RADAGAIUS, having broke like a Torrent into *Italy*, put all the Inhabitants to the Sword, who attempted to oppose their Fury; the People who were situated near the *Lagunes* (I have above described) found no Asylum so secure as those maritime Isles, the most Part of which were only inhabited by Fishermen: here the Fugitives remained in Safety, until the Generals, sent by the Emperor HONORIUS, (having defeated the Barbarians) left the affrighted Wanderers at Liberty to return to the *Terra Firma*. In the Year 413, the horrible Ravages committed by the *Visigoths*, under ALARICK, made the same People a second Time seek their former Retreat; and as these Invaders staid longer in *Italy* than those led by RADAGAIUS, the Fugitives began to build themselves comfortable Habitations on these Islands. The *Paduans*, to whom these Isles belonged, had a Port at that of *Rialto*, (now called *Venice*) and the Senate having resolved to make it a considerable Place, not only by Way of Asylum for their Subjects, but also to secure their Trade by Sea, sent, in the Year 441, three Consuls, who proclaimed it a free Port, so that in a

short Time it was peopled, not only by those who retired to the Islands for Safety, but by many Persons of all Ranks, who left the *Terra Firma* to settle there. The third Undertaking of the Barbarians, under *ATTILA*, King of the *Huns*, threatened *Italy* with total Defolation; that Scourge of the *Almighty*, as he was justly denominated, having caused *Germany*, *France*, and *Italy*, to be laid Waste, returned in the Year 453 a second Time into the last-named Country, and destroyed *Pavia*, *Milan*, *Padua*, *Aquilea*, and many other great Towns, the miserable Remains of whose Inhabitants finished the Peopling not only of *Rialto*, but all the other Isles of the *Lagunes*; and entertaining no Hope of returning to their ruined Cities, they caused to be transported from the *Terra Firma*, Marble, and other Materials of their demolished Palaces; so that, in the Space of about fifty Years, not only the People of Rank, but even the Artizans, were conveniently lodged. *Padua* being at length re-established, and seeing *Rialto* become considerable, by the Number of its Inhabitants, the Senate thought proper to send Consuls to govern the People, with some Appearance of Authority.

but in Time the richest and most powerful of the Inhabitants of these Isles got themselves declared Protectors of the People, with the Title of Tribunes. In the Year 709, the Tribunes of the twelve most considerable Islands of the *Lagunes*, judging it necessary to have a better Form of Government, resolved to compose a Republic, and to elect a proper Person from among themselves to be their Chief or Prince; but as they knew they had no Right to take this Step against the Will of the *Paduans*, to whom they were indebted for the Place of their Residence, they sent an Embassy to the Emperor LEO, who was Sovereign of the whole Country, and to Pope JOHN the Fifth, to obtain their Permission to elect a Prince, to whom they gave the Title of Doge. RAOLD LUCE ANAFESTE, the first Duke of *Venice*, was elected 288 Years after *Rialto* was proclaimed a free Port by the *Paduans*. This Election was made at *Eraclea*, a Town of the *Lagunes*, in the Year 709; at this Place, the first three Doges resided. These Princes ruled with absolute Power till 1172, when, upon the Election of SEBASTIAN ZIANI, the Form of Government became democratical, and

continued so till 1289, when the Doge, PIETRO GRADENIGO, found Means to change it to an Aristocracy; this he effected by getting a Decree passed in the *Quarantia Criminale*, that all those who had composed the great Council for four Years, should be ballotted for in that Chamber of Justice, and such of them who had twelve Balls in their Favour, and who attended the Council on a certain Day, at an appointed Hour, should have their Names written in a Book, called *Il Libro d'Oro*, and that they and their Descendants should form the great Council forever. As this Intrigue was managed with much Secrecy, none had Notice to attend, but those whom the Doge and his Party approved of, or who had Friends in the *Quarantia*. When this chosen Number were assembled, at the Ringing of a Bell, the Doors were locked, and no more suffered to enter. This the *Venetians* call "*Il Serrar del Consiglio*," and is one of the most remarkable Epochas of their Government: though this Step wrested all Share of the Administration out of the Hands of the Citizens, and unjustly deprived some Families of their Title to Nobility, yet it was owing to this Event,

that the Republic established a more perfect Form of Government than she before enjoyed, and which continues, with very little Change, to this Day. BAYAMONTE TIEPOLI, the Head of one of the most antient Families of the Republic, joined the *Quirini*, and some other illustrious Persons, in a Conspiracy to sacrifice the Doge to their Resentment, for this Innovation; but all the Conspirators perished in the Enterprize, and this Attempt only occasioned fresh Regulations, which more securely established the new Form of Government.

Accept of thus much, by Way of Introduction to a Sketch of the present State of the Republic of *Venice*, and in my next, I shall have the Honour to introduce you to SUA SERENITA, the Doge, but at present the Post will only allow me Time to assure you how sincerely I am

Yours, &c. &c.

L E T.

LETTER L.

Dr. A——, to Mr. HULL.

April 9, 1766.

I Promised in my last to introduce you to the Doge of *Venice*, and I think you will agree with me, that his Serenity is a very uncomfortable Being. Since the Period of *Il Serrar del Consiglio*, his Power has gradually decreased. A Procurator of *St. Mark* is generally elected Prince, who has served the Republic in expensive Embassies, or in the first Offices of the State. Although he has the Name of Sovereign, the Power remains with the Senate; and having little Influence in the Affairs of the State, great Wisdom is by no Means an essential Recommendation to this high Rank; an advanced Age, and easy Disposition, and illustrious Birth, are the Qualifications chiefly sought for in the Doge; his Children, Grand-Children, and Brothers are disqualified from holding any considerable

derable Employment connected with Government during his Reign. His Wife was formerly treated *en Princeſſe*, and crowned with great Magnificence, but that Custom is now exploded; however, ſhe ſtill retains the Title of *Dogereſſa*. Though the Doge preſides at all the Councils, he is only acknowledged Head of the Senate, at the Tribunals, and in the Palace of St. *Mark*. He cannot leave the City without the previous Leave of his Counſellors; he is allowed no Marks of Diſtinction in his Dreſs or Equipage when he makes private Viſits, or leaves the City, except that his Family are ſuffered to uſe Gold or Silver Lace on their Liveries, and in the Ornaments of their Box at the Theatre; and the Ladies wear rich coloured Cloaths at public Feſtivals, when the *Pragmatica* obliges the other noble *Venetians* to appear in black. Upon public Occaſions, his Serenity generally wears a Veſt and Ducal Mantle of Brocade of Gold or Silver, lined with Ermine, a Cap of Crimſon Velvet, with a Border of Gold, to repreſent the Diadem, and under it a ſhort Hood of Gauze, and Shoes of Crimſon Damask. The Sword of State is carried after the Prince, and
at

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at the Head of the Seignory, to shew where the real Power is lodged. A folding Chair, with a gilt Frame, and a Seat of Brocade, with a Stool of the same to set his Foot on, and a large Parole of Gold Staff, are carried with the Doge in all public Processions, and they pretend that this Regalia was presented to the famous SEBASTIAN ZIANI by Pope ALEXANDER the Third, in acknowledgment of the Protection he received from the Republic, when oppressed by the Emperor FRISICK the Second. The Doge has the Title of Serenity and Serene Prince, but to shew that they are not attached to his Person alone, Ambassadors use them in his Absence in addressing the College. Though all Dispatches are written in the Name of the Prince, and the Answers addressed to him, yet he cannot open them without the Members of the College being present, whereas they can open, and even answer them, without his being present; and to shew that his Power and Influence is merely imaginary, the Senate neither propose any Question, or take any Resolution, till he and his Counsellors are withdrawn; they then examine the Affairs under Debate, take the Advice of
the

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the Savi, and prepare their Deliberations in Writing, to be carried to the first Meeting of the Senate, where the Doge and his Counsellors are present, who have a Voice to approve or disapprove in common with the other Senators. The *Venetian* Money bears the Name of the Doge, and was formerly stamped as his Coin; when the Power of the Prince was absolute; at present is substituted the Figure of a Man in the Ducal Habit on his Knees before St. *Mark*, to shew that the Doge is subject to the Republic, of which St. *Mark* is the Hieroglyphic. The Income of the Prince is fourteen thousand Ducats *per Annum*, (which amounts to about two thousand Pounds Sterling) to maintain his Family, and to defray the Expence of treating the Signory four Times a Year. The foreign Ambassadors, who have made their public Entry, have a Right to be at these Feasts. The Republic pay all the Officers who attend the Prince on public Occasions: he has the Power of selling the different Employments of the Palace, in which, and collating the Benefices of St. *Mark*, consist the principal Emoluments of his Dignity.

When

When the Doge dies, his Body is embalmed, and exposed for three Days on a Bed of State, in an Apartment of the Palace destined for that Purpose. This Exposition is not only to give the People an Opportunity to pay the last Honours to their Prince, but also to give the Senate Time to receive any Complaints against his Administration, and to give his Creditors Leisure to make their Demands on his Heirs, which if they refuse to satisfy, he is deprived of funeral Honours at the Expence of the Republic: for this Reason, on the Death of a Doge, three Inquisitors are appointed to search into his past Conduct, to hear all Complaints, and to satisfy all Demands at the Expence of the Succession. The Nobles who assist at the Funeral, are dressed in Scarlet Robes, to shew that it is not the Government of the Prince that causes the Happiness of the State, and that the Republic being free, ought not to shew any Marks of Affliction at his Death. The Obsequies are no sooner over, than all the Nobles, who are more than thirty Years of Age, assemble in the great Council-Chamber, and elect five Correctors,

rectors, who inspect the Book of Statutes that the Doge, on his Election, swears to observe. These five Noblemen have a Right to add to, or to retrench from these Statutes, whatever they think necessary for the Good of the State. The Ballotation upon this Occasion is managed with so much Caution, that it is impossible for any Thing but Chance to decide which shall be the forty-one Senators chose out of the whole Number to elect a Successor to the deceased Prince. When these Electors have been approved by the general Council, they are shut up in the Palace of St. Mark, and not suffered to stir out until the Election is over; twenty-five of the forty-one Voices must be in Favour of the Person that is chosen. The first Thing required of the Doge is, to swear to the Observance of the Book of Statutes. He then shews himself to the People, and in going out of the Palace for that Purpose, passes through the Chamber in which his Body is to be exposed after his Death, and *there* he receives from the Grand Chancellor the first Compliments on his new Dignity. He then gets into a Machine, not unlike a great Tub, and two hundred Men, who belong to the

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the Arsenal, carry him by Turns round the Place of St. *Mark* on their Shoulders. The Doge thus seated, one of his Children, or some near Relation, stands behind him, holding two Basons filled with Money, which he distributes among the Populace.

Having killed one Prince, and proclaimed another, I think I may decently take my Leave for the present; and should you be as tired with reading, as I am with writing, you will wish you had never heard of his Serenity. I hope you will think my next more interesting, which will treat of the different Councils of *Venice*.

Addio sempre suo, &c.

L E T.

LETTER LI.

Dr. A—— to Mr. HULL.

Venice, April 12, 1766

HAVING in my last dispatched his Serenity the Doge, I now proceed with Alacrity to give you an Account of the Councils, of which, according to AMÉLOT DE LA-HOUSSAIE, there are three principal; the great one, which comprehends all the Nobility; the College, which gives Audience to Ambassadors; and the Pregadi, which is the Senate. The Great-Council meets every *Sunday* and Holiday to chuse Magistrates, which is done by Ballotation. The Nobles have no Right to enter into it, until they are twenty-five Years old, but the Seignory dispense sometimes with their being under Age. This Assembly has a Right of confirming or annulling the Decrees of the Senate, and to make or repeal Laws. The most remarkable standing Laws are these, *viz.* that all Ecclesiastics are excluded

excluded from every civil Employment and public Assembly. The Nobles cannot arrive at the principal Offices, but by Gradation; nor can they hold more than one Office at once, be it ever so small. Those who refuse any Employment, are fined two thousand Ducats, and banished for two Years from the Great Council and Broglio; (this Name they give to an Apartment under the *Procuratia Nuova*, where the Noblemen meet in a Morning, and those who are trying to attain any Place in the Government, use this Opportunity to solicit the Votes of their Friends for their Ballotation in the Great Council.) No Magistrate can resign, or leave the City. All the Sons of the Nobility have equal Portions: if a Daughter has more than five thousand Ducats, (about six hundred Pounds sterling) she receives the Income of the Overplus for her own separate Use, and if she dies without Children, it returns to her Family. All Subjects of the Republic (the Doge not excepted) pay Taxes in Proportion to their Fortune. The Magistrates in civil Causes can receive no Visits or Recommendation of the Parties, but may in criminal ones, if they are not State

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Affairs. No Nobleman can enter into Trade. The Great Council corrects all public Errors, and redresses all Grievances imposed by those who use their Authority unlawfully, so that this may be called the first Tribunal, and the Basis, as well as Support of the Republic.

To gratify the young Nobility, they admit thirty by Lot every Year into the Great Council, who are only twenty Years of Age, and allow them the same Privileges as those who are twenty-five; these young ones are called *Barbarini*, because they are chosen on the Day of St. BARBARA. This Assembly sits from eight in the Morning until Noon; it is held in the largest Room of the Palace: at the upper End are raised Seats, on which the Doge and his Counsellors are placed. The Chief of the Council of Ten, the Avogadores and the Censors are seated round the Hall, upon raised Benches. The Counsellors of the Doge can convoke, at Pleasure, the Great Council, and for this Purpose they cause the Bells of the principal Churches in the six Quarters of the Town to be rung, and at this Signal, the Nobles attend the Council without

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Arms, which they are forbid to carry there
on Pain of Death.

When AMELOT DE LA HOUSSAIE wrote his History of the Republic of *Venice*, the Nobles were computed at five and twenty Hundred; but they now fall very short of that Calculation. The Great Council usually consists of about eight hundred, and nearly the same Number is supposed to be employed in the Provinces, on Embassies, and other public Services; or, for private Reasons, are not in a Situation to attend in Council.

THE COLLEGE.

THE College is formed of twenty-six Members, *viz.* The Doge and his six Counsellors, three of the *Quarantia Criminale*, (who are changed every two Months) six *Savi Grandi*, five of the *Savi* of the *Terra Firma*, and the five *Savi* of Order. The College has the Right of assembling the Senate, and proposing what is to be debated therein; but yet they must obey its Resolutions, and act in

Concert with it. At this Tribunal the Majesty of the Prince may be said to reside, for here the Ambassadors have their Audience, all Letters upon foreign Affairs are read, all Memorials are presented, and all Privileges, in Regard to Benefices, Prelates, &c. &c. are pleaded. In short, this is the Committee of Ways and Means, where all Business is first planned, in order to be laid before the Senate for their Concurrence.

THE SENATE.

THE Senate had formerly the Name of *Pregadi* given to it, because it then never assembled but upon extraordinary Occasions; and the Magistrates were obliged to request the Attendance of the principal Citizens, when any important Affair required their Advice. This Assembly now meets every *Wednesday* and *Friday*, and, upon an Emergency, the *Savi* for the Week can call an extraordinary *Pregadi*. This Tribunal possesses all the Authority of the Republic, for here all Resolutions concerning Peace and War are taken, all Leagues
and

and Alliances are made, Ambassadors and also Officers who have considerable Rank in the Army are nominated, and all Taxes are imposed according to the Exigency of Affairs. The Consultations of the College are here examined and determined by a Plurality of Voices. This Institution in its Commencement was only composed of sixty Senators, called an *ordinary Pregadi*; but being often obliged, in Cases of Importance, to add to the Number, sixty more were created, called the *Junto*: these hundred and twenty Senators are always Noblemen of advanced Age and approved Merit. The Members of the College, the Council of Ten, the *Quarantia Criminale*, the Procurators of St. Mark, with most Part of the Magistrates, enter also into the *Pregadi*, so that it now consists of near three hundred Members, one Part whereof have a Right to vote, the rest can only hearken and learn the Rules of Government. The Doge and his Counsellors are the only Persons whose Advice can be ballotted, to prevent the Confusion that would probably arise from a Diversity of Opinions, as half the Votes must be in Favour of the Question before it can pass. Those who have no

Right to vote, may harangue and contradict the Opinions proposed. The hundred and twenty, who compose the ordinary *Pregadi* and *Junto*, are ballotted every Year in the Great Council, to be changed or continued, as shall be determined in the said Council. The Senate is particularly attentive in maintaining Harmony among the Nobles; well knowing, that a contrary Behaviour might be productive of fatal Consequences to the Liberty of the Country, as was formerly the Case with *Florence* and *Verona*.

The COUNSELLORS of the DOGE,

THE Counsellors of the Doge (or more properly of the Signory) are six in Number, they are chosen from amongst the oldest Senators of the first Rank; though they are Counsellors for a Year, they only assist in the College eight Months; the other four Months they preside in the *Quarantia Criminale*, in the same Manner as the Chiefs of that Chamber have places in the College during two Months. These six Counsellors have more Power than the Doge; their

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their Employment is two-fold : first, they are obliged to consult with the Doge upon all Matters that are to be proposed in the Councils, to open all Letters directed to the Signory, to receive Petitions, and to appoint Judges to settle any Dispute which may arise about Jurisdiction; and secondly, to preside at all Councils, and, during an *Interregnum*, to dispatch Orders to all the Officers of the State. When the Doge is ill, the most antient of the Counsellors represent him in the College, and at all public Functions : but he is neither allowed to sit in the ducal Chair, or wear the Habit of the Prince, and is only distinguished by a Cap which he never takes off, no more than the Doge does his ducal Crown. The Counsellors, whilst in Office, wear scarlet Gowns,

As I shall, in my next, introduce you to a Tribunal so awful, that the bare Name makes thousands tremble, I shall allow myself some Respite for the present, and endeavour to lose the Idea of these dry intricate Subjects in the more pleasing ones of *Virtù*.

You will excuse my breaking off thus, when I tell you, that my Gondola now waits to carry me to a *dilletanti* Party, with whom I am going to examine the famous Marriage of PAOLO VERONESE, at the Convent of St. George. It so rarely happens, that our Pleasures in the Enjoyment equal the Vivacity of our Expectation, I almost fear I promise myself too much on this Occasion; but if this celebrated Piece deserves half the Encomiums that are bestowed upon it, my Delight will be exquisite: I heartily wish you could be a Partaker of it.

Farewel.

L E T.

LETTER LII.

Dr. A—— to Mr. HULL.

April 15, 1766.

I Promised, in my last, to introduce you to the most tremendous Tribunal, that, perhaps, ever poor Culprits trembled before, if we view it in its original State: but I think all the sensible People, I have conversed with in *Venice*, agree, that it is somewhat relaxed from its primitive Severity, though still to be dreaded for the Extent of Power the Inquisitors of State are entrusted with.

The INQUISITION.

THIS Tribunal is composed of two of the Council of Ten, and one of the Counsellors of the Doge. As the Affairs that fall under the Cognizance thereof are of the utmost Consequence to the State, depending chiefly upon certain Intelligences collected by Spies, so all their Proceedings are managed with the deepest Secrecy; and, in some Cases, they are obliged

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to use Severity, and to punish Offenders in a very exemplary Manner. The Life of the Doge, the Nobles, and all the Subjects of the State, lie at the Mercy of this Tribunal, provided the three Inquisitors entirely concur in Opinion; and in this Case, they are not obliged to give an Account of their Actions to any one, or even communicate them to the Council of Ten. The Execution of the Sentences pronounced by these Judges is not less secret than their Judgments, except when the Crime is of a public Nature: in private Cases, to prevent Exclamations against such seeming Severity, as often punishes with Death an unguarded Expression against so rigorous a Government, (it is said) they send in the Night, and have the Offender seized, and pronounce his Doom, without any other Ceremony, than confronting him with two Witnesses, if there are any, or else, on the bare Report of Spies. As many Inconveniencies have arisen from this despotic Method of Proceeding, a Law has been provided, that the Inquisitors shall not put to Death a noble *Venetian*, without first hearing his Defence. If a Stranger of any Consequence becomes suspected by this Tribunal,

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bunal, he must expect to lose his Papers, and receive an Order, signed by one of the Inquisitors, requiring him to leave the State within a limited Time, on Pain of Death. As the *Venetian Nobility*, of every Class, are forbid to hold any Sort of Correspondence with Ambassadors, or foreign Ministers, or even with the meanest Person in their Families, it is for this Intent, that the Spies of the Inquisitors are particularly vigilant in collecting Matter of Complaint.

Hard as the Proceedings of this Tribunal must appear to *Englishmen*, who are blessed with the happiest Form of Government, the sensible and unprejudiced MONTESQUIEU asserts, that it has often saved the Republic of *Venice* from total Destruction.

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

THIS was originally, a more temporary Chamber of Justice, appointed to enquire into the famous Conspiracy of *TIEPOLI*: but was soon after made perpetual, and is now one of the most

most respectable Tribunals of the Republic; it takes Cognizance of all the criminal Affairs among the Nobility, that happen in the City, or State of *Venice*, and judges Crimes of *Leze Majesté*, and all other atrocious Offences. This Council has the Care of the public Tranquility, and their Power is as much to be dreaded by the Nobles, as by the common People. The Doge and his Counsellors have a Right to enter this Chamber of Justice; but the ten Senators, of whom it is composed, have not less Power in the Absence of the Doge, than when he is present: they are chosen out of different Families, and are elected in the Great Council every Year; they then elect three among themselves to be the Head of the Councils; these rule Week about, and are changed every three Months. The Chief in Office receives all Informations from Spies, and reports them to his Colleagues, who, upon the Deposition of Witnesses, and the Answers of the accused, proceed against them before the Council, where the Offender is not allowed to plead for himself personally, or by Lawyer. The armed Galley that always lies at St. *Mark's Place*, and some Cannon and Gallies at the Arsenal, are

are under the Command of the Council of Ten. They meet only once a Week, unless some Affair of Importance calls them oftener together.

The *QUARANTIA CRIMINALE*.

THERE are three Courts of Justice, that consist each of forty Judges; the first of these is the most antient Tribunal of the Republic, but it has suffered a great Diminution of Power by the Establishment of the Council of Ten. The forty Judges of the upper Chamber have a Right to vote in the Senate; and the three Chiefs, who are Presidents, have likewise Seats in the College, during the two last Months they are in Office; and three of the Counsellors of the Doge preside in the *Quarantia Criminale*, the four last Months of their Year, to shew the Connexion there is between this Chamber and the College. This Office is generally filled by Noblemen who are not rich; they receive thirty Ducats *per Month* by it, and acquire Consideration among the Nobility. To arrive at this Chamber, they must pass through the
other

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other *Quarantias* first, which are much inferior in Authority. Besides these, there are many other lower Courts of Justice that take Cognizance of mercantile Affairs, Bankruptcies, &c. &c. It is worthy of Observation, in this wise and intricate Government, how all the superior Tribunals are interwoven with, and, if I may use the Expression, germinate from, each other.

SAVI GRANDI.

THESE Magistrates are six in Number; they are chosen from among the wisest of the Senators, and, during the Time they are in office, manage all political Affairs of Importance, and are, properly speaking, prime Ministers: they are elected by the Senate, and changed every six Months, three at a Time, by which Means, there remain three old Senators in Office, who are able to inform the new elected ones, of what happened during their Administration, and serves as a model for the future Conduct of the new Ministers.

SAVI

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SAVI of the *TERRA FIRMA*.

THESE five Officers of the State have little less Authority in the College than the *Savi Grandi*; they are the same Length of Time in Office, are chosen of a less advanced Age, and are preferred according to their Application, and the Abilities they have shewn in the Offices they must necessarily have passed through to arrive at this. The first, or *Savi Cassier*, is Pay-Master; the second, *Savi degli Scritture*, Secretary at War, and the third, *Savi* of the Ordinance, has the Direction of the Military of the *Terra Firma*; the other two are only to assist the three first. They are elected by the Senate, as the *Savi Grandi*, and have a Right to vote on every Motion, which may be proposed by them; but, to preserve a Subordination between the two Offices, have no Right to vote in the Senate.

SAVI of ORDER.

THIS Magistracy is the same in Number as the *Savi* of the *Terra Firma*, but is without

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out Jurisdiction, and is only a School, as it were, wherein the young Nobility may learn the Art of Government. These Noblemen, during the six Months they are in Office, assist at all the Consultations of the College, and consequently have a Share in the Secrets of State; they have no Right to vote either in the College or Senate, but may give their Opinion at the Consultations of the *Savi*, always speaking uncovered and standing. They are allowed to see all the Dispatches that are sent to Ambassadors, and the Registers of the Affairs of State. This Employment is looked upon by the Republic, as the Touchstone of the Character and Genius of their young Nobility.

PROCURATORS of ST. MARK.

THIS Honour is generally bestowed on such of the Nobility who have been of essential Service to their Country in expensive Embassies, in a naval Command, or for having gone through the most important Employments of the State with Honour and Integrity. The Procurators take Place of all the other Nobility;

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lity; they have the Disposal of all pious Legacies, are the Guardians of Orphans, and Protectors of Widows. The Number was formerly confined to nine, but is now encreased to eleven. In pressing Necessities of the Republic, this Dignity has been sold for immense Sums; but, except in Cases of public Distress, it can only be disposed of by Merit; and those who purchase it never have any Successors appointed when they die. Their Dress is a purple Robe. The magnificent Buildings on each Side of St. *Mark's* Place, were originally destined for the Habitation of the Procurators, and from thence called *Procuratias*, but they are now chiefly rented to Strangers and foreign Ministers, by Way of *Casinos*.

The GRAND CHANCELLOR.

THIS Dignity can only be enjoyed by a Person of the Rank of Citizen; he takes Place of all the other Magistrates, and wears a purple Robe, like the Procurators of St. *Mark*. All the Councils are open to him; he holds the Seal of the Republic, and assists at read-

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ing and answering the Dispatches from Ambassadors, and every Thing else material that is treated of in the Senate. He has the Title of *Excellenza*, and is the Head of the People, as the Doge is of the Nobility. His Income is about nine thousand Ducats *per Annum*. He is buried with great Pomp, at the Expence of the Republic.

The AVOGADORES.

THIS Office resembles, in Part, that of Attorney-General in *England*, but is divided among three People; the greatest Instance of its Power is, being able, for the Space of three Days, to suspend the Judgment of all the other Courts of Justice, when the Crime is not clearly proved upon the Culprit. In this Particular, the *Avogador* resembles the *Roman* Tribunes of the People. They are elected by the Senate, but the Choice must be confirmed by the Grand Council, where all Proceedings would be null, if one of the *Avogadores* did not assist. Their Dress, when in Office, is a purple Robe.

The

THE TWO CENSORS.

THE Jurisdiction of the Censors extends principally to the Manners of particular Persons; to the Intrigues of the Nobles in the *Broglie*; to the Condemnation and Fining of those who violate the Statutes of the Great Council; to the Payment of Wages, Pilfering of Servants, and Correction of *Gondaliers*. They are sixteen Months in Office; during which Term, they have a Right to vote in the *Pre-gadi*, and wear purple Gowns.

I have extended this beyond the common Bounds of a Letter, and find that by so doing, I have lost Half an Hour of an agreeable Conversation, where I am engaged this Evening, so shall only add, that I am sincerely

Yours, &c.

P. S. I am obliged to one of my *Gondaliers*, a clever, intelligent Fellow, for reminding me, that it past the Hour of my En-

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gagement;

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gement; and here let me do Justice to this numerous Body of People, by saying, they are one of the most respectable Societies I have any where heard of, for their Honesty and Fidelity to the Master they engage themselves to.

LETTER LIII.

Dr. A—— to Mr. HULL.

Venice, April 19, 1766.

WITH your Leave, my good Friend, I am going to engage you in a little Trip to the *Terra Firma*, in Order to introduce you to the *Podestàs* and *Capitanios*, a Set of Gentlemen, of no small Consequence, I assure you, in their respective Governments.

To the greater Towns of the *Terra Firma*, the Senate send two Noblemen, with the Titles of *Podestà* and *Capitanio*; these equally represent the Republic, the first in the Administration

mitration of civil Justice, the second in the Command of Military Affairs. The *Podestà* is the principal Person, as he takes Cognizance of all that regards the Police, and the good Order of the People. The *Capitano*, besides the Command of the Troops, has Power to punish the Inhabitants for any Crime committed in the Streets, during the Course of the Night. He has also the Care of the public Money, which is collected by Receivers, who are accountable to him for it. The *Podestàs* and *Capitanios* are obliged to report to the Senate every Measure they take. To the Capitals of Provinces are generally sent both the above-mentioned Officers; but in Towns of small Importance, the two Offices are united in the Person of the *Podestà*, who holds his Employment sixteen Months. The Appointments allowed them by the Republic are very small, in Comparison to what they are obliged to spend in the Capitals, therefore to them the Senate generally sends rich Noblemen, and poor ones to the small Towns, where, not being obliged to make an expensive Appearance, they may, if they please, gain a com-

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portable Subsistence by their Post, during the Time they are employed in it.

A Nobleman of the first Rank is always sent into the *Frioul*, with the Title of *Proveditore-General* of *Palma Nova*; this Place is of great Consequence to the *Venetians*, as it serves for a Frontier to the Emperor's Dominions, and is a strong Barrier against the Incursions of the *Turks*. At *Udeny*, where the Patriarch of *Aquila* resides, the Republic employs only a Lieutenant and some Subalterns. In *Istria* are four episcopal Towns, with five others not so considerable, each of them governed by a *Podestà*. The Commanding-Officers of these Places, as well as those of the *Levant* and *Dalmatia*, are changed only once in two Years. The Senate gives the Title of Counts, Governors, and Captains, to the Noblemen who are sent into *Dalmatia* to administer Justice. The Magistrates of the principal Towns, (for Example, the Counts of *Spalatro* and *Gara*, who are likewise Archbishops) have appointed to them a Council of three noble *Venetians*, without whom they cannot determine on any Thing; but all these Officers are subject to the *Proveditore-*

ditore-General, who has full Authority in all Affairs civil and military. The Isles of *Corfuzant* and *Cephalonia*, are each governed by a *Proveditore*, assisted by a Council of three noble *Venetians*. *Corfu* is a Place of great Importance, as it commands the Entrance of the Gulph, and is the Repository of the *Venetian* Merchandize brought from the *Levant*; this Place is regarded by the *Turks* with a jealous Eye. There is also a General of these three Isles, to whom the particular *Proveditores* render Obedience, as the Magistrates of the Towns in *Dalmatia* do to the *Proveditore-General*.

INQUISITORS of the *TERRA FIRMA*.

EVERY five Years, Inquisitors are sent to hold Courts in the several Provinces of the *Terra Firma*; their Business is to inspect into the Conduct of *Podestàs* and *Capitanios*, and to receive all Complaints of Mal-administration of Justice. Their Censures are seldom severe, but when there are Proofs of Embezzlement of the public Money, and in that

Cafe, their Office obliges them to act with the utmost Rigour. They are attended by a Company of Cavalry, and an Executioner, that they may punish on the Spot all Offences that are clearly proved. This gives the Provincials a very high Idea of the Justice of the *Venetian* Government.

The MAGISTRATES of POMP.

Gli Sopre Proveditore alle Pompe, are Senators, who by strict Ordinances suppress all outward Marks of Luxury, and preserve an exact Equality, in the exterior Appearance of the Nobility. At public Feasts, the Dress of the Ladies is always black, except on some Occasions, when they are allowed to wear a rich gold or silver Stuff Petticoat with their black Gowns. The noble *Venetians* are not suffered to use gold or silver Lace on their Boatmen's Liveries, or in their Boxes at the Theatres, except the Doge's Family and the Grand Chancellor's. In Masking-Time, the Ladies may wear rich coloured Cloaths, which is about six Months in the Year; and when they are
at

at their Estates on the *Terra Firma*, they may give as rich Liveries as they choose, but the Servants who wear them never attend them at *Venice*, but in their own Houses.

REVENUES and EXPENCES of the STATE.

THE settled Revenue of the Republic is supposed, at present, according to the best Calculation, to amount to about a Million and a Half sterling *per Annum*; this is raised by Imports and Exports, and Taxes upon all the Provisions consumed in the City of *Venice*, and upon all Sorts of Merchandizes, and by other Duties raised in the Isles of the *Lagunes*, and upon all the Estates situated near *Venice*, called the *Dogado* or Dutchy. Another Part of the Revenue is raised in the same Manner from the Towns and Provinces of the *Terra Firma*, and also from *Istria*, *Dalmatia*, and the Isles of *Corfu*, *Zant*, and *Cephalonia*. A large Portion likewise arises from the Salt made at *Corfu* and *Chiossa*; and to this may be added, twenty thousand Ducats *per*

4

Month,

Month, that are paid into the Coffers of the Republic from a Lottery, on the same Plan as those of *Rome* and *Naples*, which has been established within these thirty Years. In Time of War, the Senate finds great Resources by ennobling rich Families, making supernumerary Procurators of *St. Mark*; by renewing old Taxes, and imposing new ones. The yearly Expences of Government do not require above half the Income of the State, so that in Time of Peace the Republic can lay up vast Sums; by which Means, the *Venetians* are enabled to negotiate all their Affairs with foreign Powers by the Force of Money instead of Arms.

The FORCES of the REPUBLIC.

IN Time of Peace, the *Venetians* are supposed to pay about twenty-five thousand Men; but there is strong Reason to believe, that not above one third of them are effective, owing to the Abuses of the *Provveditores* in *Dalmatia*. The Infantry are chiefly *Sclavonians*, *Morlaques*, and *Albanians*; they are esteemed brave Soldiers, and are firmly attached to the
Venetians,

Venetians, from an inveterate Hatred to the *Turks*, who are their natural Enemies. The Cavalry are partly composed of the same Nations, and partly of *Ultramontanes*. The General in Chief must always be a Foreigner, and his Power is so over-ruled by the *Proveditore-General*, that he has only the Name of Commander of the Forces. The chief Attention of the Senate is paid to the Marine. They have no regular naval Force in Time of Peace; but upon an Emergency, can arm thirty Gallies, able to act against their Enemies, in a very expeditious Manner. They always keep some Gallies in the *Levant*, with other Vessels, to guard the Provinces situated near the Sea; these are under the Command of the *Proveditore-General*. A Squadron of six Gallies, and several other Vessels, are likewise employed to cruize about the Mouth of the Gulph, to secure the Traders from the Corsairs, and to make the Merchants pay their proper Duties. The Nobleman who commands this Squadron has the Title of General of the Gulph, his Command continues for three Years. The Republic, in Peace as well as in War, creates a *Proveditore General*, who commands both the Fleet

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Fleet and Army; he has an absolute Power to punish with Death all Officers, Soldiers, and Sailors, and to dispose of all Posts in the Army and Navy; he resides at *Corfu* the first three Years he is in Office, and when that Time is expired, he is obliged to render an Account of his Administration to the Senate.

SPIES and INFORMERS.

SPIES have ever been looked upon as infamous Ministers of Tyranny; but the Senate of *Venice* have found Means to conceal the Shame of such Miscreants, by making Mouths of Stone speak for them; for in many Parts of the Palace of *St. Mark*, and in all the Parts of the City near the public Tribunals, Heads are cut in the Walls with gaping Mouths, into which they cast the Notes of Information. If the Informer has no Scruple to declare himself, he goes in Person to receive the Reward allowed by Law on this Occasion; if he does not choose to be known, he sends a Friend, with a Piece of Paper that has been torn from that on which the Information was written,
and

and the Money is paid without any other Formality than comparing the two Pieces of Paper together. As the great Maxim of the *Venetians* is, that the Safety of the State depends upon their having exact Intelligence of every Thing that passes, especially in the Families of Ambassadors and foreign Ministers, it is incredible what a Number of Spies of all Ranks they keep in constant Pay. That the *Venetians* are often branded with the ridiculous Epithet of Pantaloon, for this apparent Mysteriousness in their System of Politics, we very well know; but how far they are right or wrong in it, I leave to better Judgments than mine to determine: this however we must allow, that their Government has subsisted under a republican Form, without any material Alteration, for a much longer Period of Time than any other Republic that History furnishes us with an Account of, at least that I can recollect. I had a great Curiosity, when I came to *Venice*, to learn the Etymology of the Name of *Pantaloon*, and why it is so particularly applied to the *Venetians*; I am told it comes from *Bianca Leone*, and was first appropriated to them for their great Eagerness to plant the Standard

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Standard of *Venice*, which you know is a Lion, wherever they could by Force or Fraud obtain a Bit of Ground large enough to contain it. How far this etymological Account of honest *Pantaloön* may satisfy you, I know not; but, remember, I do not vouch for the Reality of it, I only offer it to you as I have received it. I propose by the next Post to send you a succinct Account of the Method of proceeding at *Venice* in criminal Cases, and am, in the mean Time,

faithfully yours, &c.

L E T T E R L I V.

Dr. A—— to Mr. HULL.

Venice, May 1, 1766.

AN agreeable Excursion for a few Days into the Country has prevented my being so punctual in my literary Engagement as I have hitherto been; but I make no Apology, for

for I know you never meant it should interfere with my Amusements. Now to proceed with my historical Anecdotes.

PROCEEDINGS in CRIMINAL CASES at VENICE.

WHEN a Crime is supposed to have been committed at Venice, the Courts of Justice are more solicitous to be ascertained of the Fact, than to secure the Offender; and when they have obtained the necessary Proofs, they send an Officer to enter publicly the House of the Criminal; and on the Report of this Officer, that he is not to be found, (which is generally the Case) they summon him to appear in a longer or shorter Space of Time, according to the Enormity of the Crime committed, to answer for the Offence, and till that Period is elapsed, the Offender is safe from any Molestation, provided he does not appear on the Place of St. Mark, or on the Rialto; and he may also demand three Days, and if he thinks he cannot find Means to prevent the Affair coming to a fatal Issue, he

he may avoid a Trial, by getting a Nobleman's Boat to convey him to some Part of the *Terra Firma*, from whence he may easily escape out of the State. Hence it proceeds, that most Criminals at *Venice* are judged by Contumacy, which they call *Bandire*: but this Judgment is always accompanied with Conditions proportionable to the Crime; for example, that the condemned Person shall never be able to purchase his Pardon; that whoever kills him in the *Venetian* State shall receive a considerable Reward, and double the Sum, if they kill him in any other Territory. If the Crime sensibly touches the Republic, they add to the Reward, the Liberty of delivering a State-Prisoner: but notwithstanding this apparent great Rigour, there have been Instances of Noblemen who have been guilty of atrocious Crimes making their Peace, by Means of great Interest. When the Criminal is secured, and the Process formed, the *Avogador* names his own Day, and, conducting the Culprit before his Judges, pleads strongly against him, exaggerates every Particular of his Crime, and concludes with advising a severe Punishment. The Advocate of the Party accused
answers

answers all the chief Points of the Accusation ; and when he has performed his Part, the Auditors retire, and the Opinion of the *Avogador* is balloted against that of the Chiefs of the *Quarantia*, which is always the most gentle, and the Plurality of Balls determine the Fate of the Offender. By this Means the Judges decide without giving the Reason of their Opinion, and it is consequently unknown who is for, and who is against the Criminal. The Lawyers are obliged to plead in the *Venetian* Dialect, that the most ignorant Auditor may understand what passes, as well as the more learned Part of the Assembly. The severest Hardship, in the Course of Justice at *Venice*, is the Length of Time it takes to terminate an Affair, owing to the Courts of Justice being so closely connected, and, if I may be allowed the Expression, playing into each others Hands ; so that a poor Wretch is often suffered to lie in Gaol for two or three Years, before he can obtain an hearing, to expiate, as they pretend, by this Punishment, part of his Crime. The frequent Sentences that are passed upon Criminals, condemning them to an horrid obscure Prison for eight or

ten Years, and often for Life, (where in Winter they suffer all the Rigour of extreme Cold, and in Summer of excessive Heat) are certainly more cruel Punishments than Death at once.

Now in my usual abrupt Manner, I shall conduct you at one Step from temporal to spiritual Affairs, and say a few Words of the Church, whose Power is very limited in this Republic.

The STATE of the CHURCH.

THE Republic of *Venice* has ever been careful to exclude the Clergy from their Councils, and from all political Employments, even those who are noble *Venetians*. The Head of the Church is stiled Patriarch of *Venice*, and Primate of *Dalmatia*; he is always a Nobleman, enjoys a good Revenue, makes a respectable Appearance in public Processions, but has no Power, even in ecclesiastical Affairs; at all religious Functions, where the Pope's Nuncio is present, the Patriarch is obliged to send the Master of the Ceremonies

nies to ask his Permission to give the Blessing. An Office of Inquisition is allowed at *Venice*, but under such Restrictions, as render it as dependent on the political Government as any of the secular Tribunals are. The Holy-Office is composed of the Patriarch, the Nuncio, and a Friar, who has the Title of Father Inquisitor, and two experienced Senators, without whose Presence and Consent, all Proceedings are null; by this Means, and under this Pretext, that Matters brought before the Inquisition are contrary to the Laws and Interest of the Republic, the greatest Affairs of this Tribunal are reduced to a mere Trifle. The Convents in *Venice* were formerly so ill regulated, that it occasioned much Scandal; but at present, they are under better Discipline, for three Magistrates are appointed by the Senate, with an extensive Authority, to take Cognizance of all that passes in the female Monasteries; and though the Patriarch himself allows a Priest to say Mass in one of their Churches, he is obliged to obtain a Permission from one of these Magistrates besides, who limits this Licence to what Time he thinks proper. All the Women likewise who

perform any Commissions for the Nuns, are obliged, under Penalty of corporal Punishment, to have Leave in Writing to execute them, signed by one of the aforesaid Magistrates. The Senate has, within these few Years, made many wise and useful Reforms in the regular Convents of Friars also; and have transferred from the Superiors of those Houses to the Senate, the Power of inflicting capital Punishments and Imprisonment upon the Monks, and only allow them for the future to impose Penances of Fasting, Prayers, and such like conventual Exercises.

Now we must return from spiritual to temporal Affairs again, that I may have the Honour to introduce you to the *Venetian Noblesse*, who are not a little vain of the great Antiquity of their Nobility, which they can certainly, many of them at least, authenticate for several Ages past, better than any other Nation we are acquainted with.

NOBI-

NOBILITY of the FIRST CLASS.

THE noble *Venetians*, who compose the first Class, comprehend the Families of the twelve Tribunes who elected the first Doge in 709: the *Contarini*, *Morosini*, *Poli*, *Badovari*, *Tiepoli*, *Michele*, *Sanudi*, *Gradenigo*, *Memo*, *Falier*, *Dondolo*, and *Barozzi*. The four Families next to these in Point of Antiquity, date their Nobility from the Year 800, when they signed the Contract for the Abbey of St. George the Great; these are the *Justiniani*, *Cornaro*, *Bragadini*, and *Bembo*. The first are popularly called the twelve Apostles, and the last the four Evangelists. To this Class may be added also, eight Families who look upon themselves as equal to the first, because long before *il Serral del Consiglio*, which happened in 1289, they were very considerable; these are the *Delphini*, *Quirini*, *Soranzo*, *Zorzi*, and *Marcello*; the other three, by Reason of extreme Poverty, are fallen into total Obscurity, or perhaps are extinct: in this Class too, may be placed some illustrious Families, who retired to *Ve-*

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nice, from the Town of *Acre* in *Syria*, when it was destroyed by the *Venetian General TIEPOLI*, for having revolted from its Obedience to the Republic after the first Conquest of it. The greatest Advantage these Families derive from their Antiquity is being more considered in the Disposal of public Employments that reflect Honour on the Possessors; in Point of Precedency, all the Nobility of *Venice* rank alike.

NOBILITY of the SECOND CLASS.

THIS Class is composed of those who can produce no authentic Proof of their Nobility earlier than 1289, when their Names were written in the *Libro d'Oro*, which now contains more than five Hundred Families. It was at that memorable Event, *il Serar del Consiglio*, that this List of the Nobles was first made out, and a Law enacted, that if the Names of their Children were not written in this Book within a certain Time after their Birth, they should forfeit their Title to Nobility; and this also happens, if the Contract

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of their Parents' Marriage does not legally pass the Senate, which it cannot do, if a noble *Venetian* marries a public Performer, either in the Drama, or Music, one who has been in a State of Servitude, or one whose Father is of any Profession or Trade, excepting a Physician, a Manufacturer of gold or silver Silks, or a Maker of Glass. As it is now upwards of four hundred Years since *il Serrar del Consiglio*, this Class of Nobles is highly esteemed. The most considerable of these Families that still exist, are the *Moncenigo*, the *Capello*, *Foscari*, *Foscari*, *Grimani*, *Gritti*, *Garzoni*, *Loredan*, *Dona*, *Nani*, *Malipiero*, *Pesaro*, *Pisani*, *Priuli*, *Ruzzini*, *Sagredo*, *Valier*, *Venier*, *Bassadonna*, &c. &c. most of these have given Doges to the Republic, and the reigning one at present is a *Moncenigo*. In this Rank are also placed thirty Families that were ennobled ninety-one Years later, on the Termination of the *Genoese* War, as a Reward for assisting the State with vast Sums of Money; the most considerable of these that are remaining are the *Trevisan*, *Vendramin*, *Renier*, *Iusti*, and *Pasqualighi*.

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After having introduced you to so much good Company, I think you will not be sorry if I take my Leave for the present; but I cannot do that, without first assuring you, that I am, with Truth, &c. &c.

LETTER LV.

Dr. A—— to Mr. HOLL.

Venice, May 6, 1766.

TO proceed with my Subject where I left it in my last Letter, I must now talk to you a little of a younger Branch of the *Venetian* Nobility, whom I shall stile the third Class, and even these are respectable for their Antiquity.

NOBIL

NOBILITY of the THIRD CLASS.

IN this Class are comprehended about eighty Families, who purchased their Nobility for an hundred thousand Ducats each, during the last War of *Candia*; some of these have remained poor and distressed ever since, by that Instance of their Vanity: the following are still considerable for their Wealth and Alliances, the *Videman*, *Labia*, *Zenobia*, *Fini*, *Manini*, *Gambara*, &c. &c. The *Savorgnan* gave to the Republic some Fortresses of great Importance, for guarding the *Venetitian* Territories from the Encroachments of the *Turks*; and the *Benzoni* made the State a Present of the Province of *Crema*, of which they possessed the Seignory; and for these free Gifts the two Families received the Honour of being ennobled. Though the noble *Venetians* can authenticate the Antiquity of their Nobility better than any People perhaps in *Europe*, yet not content with this Advantage, they are fond of deriving their Families from fabulous Originals: thus the *Contarini*, from a Similitude
of

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of Name, pretend to be descended from ancient *German* Princes, who were stiled Counts of the *Rhine*; the *Justiniani*, who give for their Arms a Spread Eagle, from thence claim their Descent from an Emperor of the East of their Name. I have been told a curious Anecdote of this noble Family, that I will relate for your Amusement: some Centuries past, they fitted out a Vessel, under the Doge VITAL MICHELE, to fight against the Emperor EMANUEL; (who had ill treated the *Venetians* in the *Levant*) the *Justiniani* were all cut to Pieces, and the only surviving Male was a *Benedictine* Friar, for whom the Doge obtained a Dispensation of his Vows from the Pope, and married him to his Daughter, and from this Couple are descended the present Family, according to this Legend, which whether true or false I shall not take upon me to determine. One Branch of the *Cornaro* Family stile themselves *Cornaro della Regina*, from one of their House having been Queen of *Candia*; but this Alliance is rather a Blot in their Escutcheon, if a certain evil Fame may be relied on, who says, that the Husband of this Lady was an Usurper, whom she poisoned, and

trea-

treacherously betrayed the *Candians* to the *Venetians*. A Gentleman has promised to introduce me to a Lady of this Name, who is a very agreeable, sensible Woman, and who, he says, will shew me the complete Ornaments of the Toilette of the Queen above-mentioned, which is still in the Possession of the Family, and valued by them at many thousand Ducats.

The CITIZENS, or ORDER of SECRETARIES.

THE Citizens had formerly a large Share in the Government, and *Venice* would probably have always remained in a State of Democracy, had not the Resentment of PIETRO GRADENIGO against many of the Class, who opposed his being chosen Doge, determined him to transfer the Power entirely from the People into the Hands of the Nobility, which he fully effected by Means of the *Serrar del Consiglio*; at which Period, several of the Nobles lost their Rank, by not being admitted into the Secret; and at present, by the Word Citizen, (at *Venice*) is meant the Families thus excluded

excluded from the Grand Council, many of whom bear the same Name and Arms of the old Nobility; and to these may be added many who by Merit or Money have obtained the same Privileges in the Republic: they rank with the Nobility of the *Terra Firma*, and one at least of every Family wears the Vest, the same as the noble *Venetians*: it has been thought, this is allowed them to prevent the People from observing how small a Number of Men they are governed by. Though, by a standing Law, every noble *Venetian* is forbid to enter into Trade, yet they often join privately in Commerce with the wealthy Citizens, which the Senate winks at, because when they are become opulent, they can make it turn to the Advantage of the State, by employing them in expensive Embassies. From among the Citizens are chosen the Secretaries of the Senate, Secretaries of Embassies, and also Residents at foreign Courts, for a noble *Venetian* can accept of no Employment of that kind, but with the Title of Ambassador; and, for the same Reason, the Republic receives no foreign Minister in any intermediate Character between a Resident and an Ambassador.

The

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The Dignity of Grand Chancellor is always conferred on one of this Class; and as it is the highest Honour that can be attained by a Person who is not noble, it is generally given as a Reward to one who has served the Republic well in expensive Residencies. The Subjects of the *Venetian* State are by some rated, at present, at about 2,655,448; but those who have made very accurate Enquiries upon this Head affirm, that they are over-rated by one million.

Thus, my Friend, I have obeyed your Commands, and, in as concise a Manner as I possibly could, have endeavoured to give you a just Idea of the very extraordinary Government of the Republic of *Venice*; I flatter myself, that by offering you this at one View, I have saved you the Trouble of turning over some Books which, besides being very dry reading, you might not easily have met with: but was this little Extract (or whatever you are pleased to call it) to fall under the Observation of a less indulgent Judgment than yours, I should, with great Reason, fear being charged with having given it in a slovenly incorrect Manner. I shall only advance, in my Defence,

fence, that you well know how limited my Time is at *Venice*, and how strongly my natural Inclination leads me to a much more entertaining Study than that of History ; but to such a Friend as yourself, I could not refuse a Gratification that it was in my Power to procure you, at the trifling Expence of putting myself, for a few Hours, out of my Way ; I only wish you may find my Attempt satisfactory. However, before I entirely quit this Subject, I cannot forbear communicating to you a few Reflections into which it has naturally led me ; it is melancholy to observe, that in a Government so wise in many of its Parts, such gross Errors should be suffered to pass uncorrected, as must in Time most certainly destroy the whole System. A total Neglect evidently appears in the Education of the young Nobility, which gives them an Ignorance, I had almost said Brutality, that renders them very disagreeable in civil Society, and must prove an Obstacle to their becoming wise and prudent Magistrates ; and, added to this, the Licentiousness not only permitted, but even encouraged, among the Clergy, has produced such a shameful Neglect in Matters of true Religion,

Religion, that Vice and Immorality seem to prevail among all Ranks of People, which must in Time infallibly bring to a final Dissolution this once flourishing and powerful Republic. How amazingly must the Manners of the *Venetians* have been corrupted since their first Establishment, if the Abbate LANGIER has drawn a true Character of them in his *Storia Veneta*, P. 130, Libro 1. He says, *Esigevansi Costumi puri, Condotta semplice, una Vita laboriosa per Ottenere da Lei la Qualità di Cittadino*. The same Author quotes a Letter, written by CASSIODORUS, who was Minister from King THEODORICK to the Tribunes of the maritime Isles, which contains these Words, *Più di sussante piccole Isole essendo state Abitate successivamente intorno Rialto per componere al fine questa Cita prodigiosa*. P. 160. Libro 2. I have transcribed this only by Way of observing how very early *Rialto* (now called *Venice*) became a considerable Place. LANGIER places the Election of PAOLO LUCIO ANAFESTE, the first Doge, in 697, which is twelve Years earlier than St. DISDIER's Account, who says, this Prince was elected in 709. AMELOT DE LA HOUSSAI, in his History of the Republic
of

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of *Venice*, says, The Government of *Venice* by Consuls and Tribunes, which lasted 270 Years, may be called her Infancy; the despotic Reign of the Doges, from PAOLO LUCIO ANAFESTE to SEBASTIAN RIANI, (which comprehends 463 Years) her Childhood; the Democracy, (which lasted above a Century) her Youth, which, says he, was robust and vigorous; but, as it often happens in similar Cases, it was disturbed and agitated by dangerous Paroxysms of Wars and Revolts. Her Virility, he adds, began with *il Serrar del Consiglio*, and lasted till the War of the League of *Cambray*, in 1309, which may be called the Beginning of her old Age.

The Republic liberally rewarded SANAZAR for the following very flattering Epigram:

*Viderat Adriacis Venetum NEPTUNUS in Undis
Stare Urbem & toto dicere fura Mari.
I nunc Tarpeias, quantum vis, JUPITER, arces
Objice, & illa tui Mœnia MARTIS, ait:
Si Tiberim Pelago confers, Urbem aspice utramque,
Illam Homines dices, hanc possuisse Deos.*

Thus

Thus hastily translated by a Gentleman of
my Acquaintance :

NEPTUNE within the *Adriatic* Seas
Beheld fair *Venice* her rich Turrets raise,
And seem o'er all the Main to issue her De- }
crees—

Jove, quoth the God, on all thy Power I call
To equal this—bring thine own MARS's Wall—
Tarpeian Cliffs—immortal *Tyber's* Waves,
Where mighty *Rome* her deep Foundations
laves,

Compare the Cities, and reluctant own,
Thy proudest Toils by what I guard outdone ;
Works but of human Skill thy Bulwarks stand,
Mine boast the Touch of an immortal Hand.

As I am very partial to this famous Re-
public, even in her present faulty State, I can-
not do better than to take my Leave of her,
after paying her so high a Compliment ; and at
the same Time shall bid you, my dear Friend,
adieu for some Time, as I propose leaving *Ve-*
nice in a few Days, and from what Place I shall
next write to you, I cannot at present foresee.

Farewel, believe me, &c. &c.

L E T T E R LVI.

—— to Mrs. ——.

My dearest Friend, ——, *June 20.*

THE kind Expressions in your welcome Epistle, and superabundant Thanks for my trifling Present, were, I assure you, a Cordial to my Heart. I am rejoiced that you have passed so good a Winter, and hope the Summer will be still more propitious to you.

You will see, by the Date of this Letter, we have changed our Situation, and are got to a sweet Retirement, on the Banks of the ——; the House is small, convenient, clean and chearful; the Gardens moderate, and in good Order; and the whole Atmosphere perfumed with Roses, Jasmines and Orange Flowers, which we have in great Profusion. The River, which is in the Front of the House, affords a continual moving Picture of large Barges,

Barges, passing to and fro from *Venice* to *Padua*, from either of which Places we can have any Thing brought by Water to the very Door. The north Side of the River is planted with Forest Trees, and the south Side with Vines that hang in beautiful Festoons, supported by other Trees: in short, we want nothing but a few liberal Souls (such as distinguish the Party you adorn) in this Neighbourhood, to render this delicious Spot an absolute terrestrial Paradise; yet, I am sure, whilst you have the Advantage of such a Society, you would not exchange your retired Spot for all I have been describing; and in this Preference, I join with you most cordially, and beg my best Love to all the dear Mortals that are so happy to be collected within the magic Circle.

A hasty Summons (on Account of the Departure of the Packet that contains this Trifle) obliges me to use more Brevity than I am either accustomed or inclined to. I cannot, however, send it off without enclosing a Piece of News, that I flatter myself is not quite indifferent to you; namely, that, please God

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no unforeseen Accident intervenes, in a twelve-month's Time, at farthest, I may probably be so happy as to salute you all in your usual dear Assembly-Room. Be persuaded, however, of this simple Truth, that whether the Time I am absent from you all, is long or short, or the Distance great or small, I am ever, and shall always remain, with the same Affection and Sincerity,

your ever faithful and obliged

Pray let me have the Pleasure to hear from you soon.

P. S. By the Bye, I have a Favour in the Transcript-Way to entreat of you. You do not forget, I am sure, that, previous to my setting off for *Venice*, I was hurried about (my usual Mode) from Spot to Spot, and sent you occasional Accounts of such Places and Events as I thought best worth your Notice. A dear Friend here wishes to see them: now, as some Time is elapsed, it would save my Head as well as Hand much Trouble, if you would oblige me with Copies of those Letters,

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ters, provided you have thought them worth preserving: I mean only (as you may imagine) the descriptive Parts of them.

LETTER LVII.*

—— to Mrs. ——.

Bridgenorth, July 5.

I THINK myself so much obliged to you, for your taking so much Notice of my insignificant Scrawl, that I am not the least inclined to find Fault with the Length of Time you have taken in answering my last; and to shew my Sincerity in this Particular, I am fat down to acknowledge your Favour, though I have not had it in my Possession longer than this Afternoon, for it has lain some Time in *London*. I have been on a Visit to a worthy Friend of ours, at this Place, for a Month

* This and the ensuing Letters are the Transcripts desired in the foregoing.

past, and I assure you, I have all the Reason in the World to be satisfied with my Journey. Pray, Mrs. —, did you ever see *Bridgenorth*? I believe not—Very well; then I must give you some little Description of this Place, (as I am habituated to do of every new Spot I tread upon, whether large or small) for I think *Bridgenorth* is, in Point of Situation, by much the prettiest I ever saw; it is divided into two Parishes, distinguished by the Names of the Upper and Lower Town. I was, the other Day, on a Visit to the Rector of the upper Parish; the Parsonage-House is a truly Gothic Structure, which overlooks the Church-Yard, and though I cannot say, this is the most *pleasant*, yet it certainly is not the least *useful* Prospect in the World, to a speculative Mind. The upper Town is situated on a Cliff, which renders it very wholesome, both from its Height, and the Clearness of the Air. The View from our back Windows is more beautiful than any Thing you can imagine; at the Foot of the Hill, the *Severn* rolls its crystal Waves, in a charming serpentine Stream, down to the Banks whereof, is a Succession of sloping Gardens, that

that vie with each other in Beauty, Fragrance, and Order. On the opposite Side, in a Vale, lies the lower Town, and above that are delightful Fields and Meadows, interspersed with fine Plantations of Trees of a long Growth. The Grounds, by an easy Ascent, terminate at last in a Common, fifteen Miles long, on which is a very good Horse-Course; to the left, the Prospect is bounded by a very high Rock, and on the right, as far as the Eye can stretch, is a fine open fertile Country; this strong Contrast has a most happy Effect. A noble Object in this inimitable Landscape is the Ruin of an old Castle, which, from the Position wherein it has been left by a Cannon-Ball, is, perhaps, one of the greatest Curiosities in *Europe*; it strikes us with Admiration and Awe, while we contemplate its nodding Towers, which look as if they meant to overwhelm the heedless Passenger in sudden Destruction; yet the *Mathematicians* affirm, that nothing less than an Earthquake can move this immense Pile of Building. Round it is a delightful Walk, where we often repair when the Weather is inviting; but when this happens not to be the Case, we have for our Amuse-

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ment, in the House, a *Microscope*, a reflecting *Telescope*, and a *Camera Obscura*: the first of these is my Favourite; Mr. —, by the help of it, the other Day, detected a *Beau* of an *Humble Bee*, in the very Act of scratching a — (Oh, shameful Truth!) off the downy Part of his Neck, and this little Animal, though scarcely perceptible to the naked Eye, is a most *tremendous* Figure, much resembling a Hog, in the Glass; for my Part, though I am not apt to be attracted by gaudy Colours, I am absolutely in love with the radiant Armour of a green *Beetle*, richly gilded, with a Sun-Beam. I own to you, my good Friend, I have a hearty Contempt for the *Coccombs* of the human Race, who place all their Happiness in Dress, when I consider that a humble Moth, in the simple Habit which Nature has given it, far outshines them in all the Glitter of Lace and Embroidery.

Whenever we amuse ourselves with these Sort of Contemplations, our *worthy Neighbour the Pastor*, never fails to make Improvement go Hand in Hand with Amusement, by taking Occasion to expatiate on the Wisdom and
boun-

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bounteous Goodness of our great Creator, exemplified in the most minute, as well as in the greatest Objects of Nature. This excellent Man edifies his Parishioners as much by the exemplary Life he leads, as by the sound and orthodox Doctrine he delivers from the Pulpit, and he does this with the most cheerful Disposition that can be, and totally free from the least Shadow of *Qstentation*; we attend him every Morning to public Prayers in the Church.

Now, my good Friend, I have given you a very particular Account of my present Situation, and leave it to you to judge, if it is not very agreeable. I must add to this, that I got here Time enough for the Races, where there was a great Appearance of Company, (for such a Place;) though Men were scarce, I got a Partner each Night. Lord ———'s Family were the first in Rank. Lady ——— opened the Ball, and I had the Honour to dance a Minuet with Mr. ———, the first Night: indeed, I have met with so much Politeness and Goodness from every Body in this Part of the World, that I am sure I shall be grieved to leave *Bridgenorth*. My first setting out from
London

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London was not so lucky, for I was robbed and terrified almost to Death; but, *thank God*, my Loss was but small, and I have entirely recovered my Spirits.

I desire my Love and best Regards to the worthy Family, and am

your very faithful Friend,

LETTER LVIII.

— to Mrs. —.

Scotland, July 22.

I HAVE been some Time without hearing from you. I hope, my excellent Friend, you have not been laid up with any bad Complaint. If social Worth could ward off Malady, you would never be ill. Perhaps
you

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you have not been in the Writing-Vein; such a Fit attacks us all at Times; and you know it is our Rule reciprocally to allow for it. If that is the Case, do but subscribe the Initials of your Name to a good, though short Account of yourselves, and I will rest contented.

I know not what I said in my last, but to the best of my Remembrance, I gave you no Account of this terrestrial Paradise; but now I am more acquainted with its Beauties; I will make an Attempt of that Sort,

The "*Sweet winding Tay*," which runs at the Bottom of our Garden, for upwards of six Miles, forms the most beautiful Canal you can imagine; on the one Side of it, for the same Extent, are delightful Walks, rising one above another, no less than five Stages, all amply shaded with stately Trees, from around whose Trunks the twining Woodbine and Sweet-Briar pour forth a Profusion of Sweets; the sloping Sides of the Walks are also planted with Variety of sweet-smelling Shrubs, which being fanned by the fresh Breezes off the River,

scatter

scatter Perfumes in a plenteous and grateful Return along the verdant Banks. At judicious Distances are placed grassy Seats, moss-grown Cells and flowery Arbours, all which, in their several Turns, would invite us to sit down and indulge Contemplation, but that the unwearied Mind, enraptured with these enchanting Objects, urges us to proceed in Search of new Beauties, and in that Pursuit it cannot here meet with the slightest Disappointment. The opposite Side of the River is a deep Bank, finely fringed with Wood of a younger Growth; at different Points of View, we see the *Brown*, another beautiful River, and a foaming Cascade; each paying the Tribute of their lucid Stores into the crystal Bosom of the *Tay*, who, as if conscious of superior Merit, trips nimbly along, in Murmurs of Self-Appause. This charming Prospect is at last closed with Views of distant Ruins, Hills covered with Trees, fertile Vales, and Mountains of a most venerable Appearance, covered with a Heath so beautiful, that it may vie with the glowing *Amaranthus*. The Gardens are very extensive, and laid out in the finest Taste, that is to say, with Grandeur and Simplicity united.

Nature

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Nature appears here in her loveliest Attire, and Art is contented to act in her proper Sphere, as Handmaid to the Goddess. We seldom drink Tea in the House; sometimes an elegant Tent and *Marquis* is pitched at some fine Point of View; sometimes we resort to a fine banquetting Room, and often the Shade of a large spreading Oak has the Preference. Upon these Occasions — — — always reads and we work. What most attracts my Admiration here is, to perceive that in every surrounding Object, Utility adds Merit to Beauty: the Farm-Houses on this Estate are neat as the Hand of Industry can make them, and chearful as the Smiles of Content; and every Creature that breathes upon this Spot seems to participate in the unfeigned Happiness of the excellent Possessors, whose Goodness adds the highest Lustre to Wealth and Title that they are capable of receiving. It was well said, whoever made the Observation, that a good Action never loses its Reward; here was I sat down, full of Love and Respect, to write my dearest Friend a dutiful and loving Letter, when lo, and behold! I was made happy by the Receipt of yours; and

truly

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truly rejoiced I am to find, that my Fears are groundless; however, I don't feel happy at the Thought of your Family's meeting with any Interruption to its Pleasures. Believe my Assurance sincere, when I affirm, that I think the *Content* which reigns therein, far excels in Value the highest Gratifications that Shew and Grandeur can bestow on its restless Votaries. I am afraid, by what you say of ———, I gave you an Account of its Beauties in my last, if so, this will be a horrid, stupid Repetition; in that Case, commit me to the Flames without the least Remorse of Conscience. I hope the Sight of a Letter directed by the Pen of a fine young Gentlemen, won't give you any Alarm; I confess it has done so by me, since this new fashioned Way of franking. Adieu! In more Haste than can be expressed, believe me ever

your very sincere Friend,

—.

L E T-

LETTER LIX.

—— to Mrs. ——.

HOW much do I hold myself indebted to you, my dearest Friend, for the singular Story contained in your last Letter! With what Delight have I perused, and re-perused it! What an excellent Being is that Mr. —! What a Heroism of Generosity!—That he alone (from whom it could be least expected or deserved) should stand forth, and by a timely Act of Benevolence, save a whole Family from Ruin! Blessings go with him! It may truly be termed a *divine* Action, to confer Bounties on those who have committed Offences against us; and the next Consolation to having the Power to be so virtuous ourselves, is to see those who have that Power, ready and desirous to exert it. I have been told that the Master of the Family so benefited was once — — —

— — — — —
— — — — —

We

We have been these six Weeks past at ——— House, a very magnificent Seat of ———, twenty Miles higher up in the Highlands than this Place is; though it far exceeds ——— in Grandeur, yet I own the rural Beauties of the latter, have more Charms for my humble Disposition; Providence having, no doubt, designed me to tread the “Cool sequestered Vale of Life,” has bounded my Ideas accordingly, and I look upon this as one of the numberless Instances I have experienced of the Divine Bounty. The Country about ——— is very romantic and beautiful; in some Places rather wild, in others very fertile, which forms a fine Contrast. The House is immensely large, the Rooms are infinite in Number, finely proportioned, and elegantly furnished throughout; ’tis situated in a very extensive Vale, amply wooded, and ornamented with four beautiful Rivers, all of which, at different Places, lose themselves in the *Tay*. Some of them from the Tops of very high Mountains receive a prodigious Increase from the finest natural Cascades you can see, which is a Sight extremely beautiful, and

and at the same Time very tremendous. The Kitchen-Garden is the finest Thing of the Kind that in my Life I ever saw; elegant Summer-Houses, Alcoves, Octagons, &c. &c. often tempted us to drink Tea abroad, and enjoy the fine extensive Views at Leisure. I should have told you, that the Vale is surrounded with Hills and Mountains, at such a Distance, that instead of confining the Prospect, they add greatly to the Grandeur of it.

I must not omit to mention a natural Curiosity I here met with, of a very extraordinary Kind: M^r PHERSON, Laird of *Foignes*, two Years before the Peace, raised eight and twenty Men to serve in *America*; who unanimously declared, when they came to embark, that they would not have enlisted, had they not thought they should have served under *him*; the generous Laird was so struck with this Proof of their Attachment, that he declared they should not be disappointed, and, at the Age of seventy-two, asked Leave to serve as a Volunteer: during the Remainder of the Campaign he was present in every Action, was always ready to expose his Person, and never

[was a single Day prevented by Illness from doing his Duty ; the Government has rewarded his spirited Generosity with a *Lieutenancy*, and Leave to retire upon full Pay, so that now, like the Patriarchs of old, he wages more harmless Wars with the feathered Race and swift-footed Stag : now, at near fourscore Years of Age, he is able to walk and scramble amongst the Mountains, the whole Day, in Pursuit of Game. How few, my good Friend, of our degenerate Countrymen, are, at such an Age able to serve their King and Country ! Enervated by Sloth and Luxury, long before that Period of Life, they become a Burthen to themselves, and a Torment to all about them. When I looked at the military Garb and venerable silver Locks of this northern Hero, I fancied I saw in his single Person an Epitome of all the illustrious *Greeks* that served in the Siege of *Troy* ; and if my Heart had been inclined to change its present Situation, I verily believe I should, without Hesitation, have bestowed it upon this warlike Mountaineer.

I fear the Season is now approaching, when our friendly Association must lose some of its
agree-

agreeable Ornaments; I feel for the Mortification a *sensible* Mind must suffer, at being obliged to quit the Society of a favourite *few*, to mix with the unthinking many: but hope that the kind Genius of Friendship will interpose a Gleam of Pleasure, at the Prospect of a future Meeting.

You were enquired after, last Week, by ———, in the following ardent Terms: “How
 “ is that best of good Beings? Is she not the
 “ worthiest of Heaven’s Worthies? Was there
 “ ever Acquaintance who did not esteem her,
 “ Friend who did not love her, Domestic who
 “ did not bless her, or Indigent, who came to
 “ her Door, that did not pray for her? Long
 “ may she remain with us! and whenever it
 “ pleases Providence to remove her from Earth,
 “ may she receive Blessings in a future State,
 “ in as ample Portions, as she, through Life,
 “ has ever wished and endeavoured to dispense
 “ them to her Fellow-Creatures!” I smiled Approbation, and promised to send the exact Terms.

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LETTER LX.

COUNTESS OF HARTFORD TO DR. BURNET,

*Occasioned by some Meditations the Doctor sent her,
upon the Death of her Son, Lord BEAUCHAMP.*

SIR,

I Am very sensibly obliged by the kind Compassion you express for me, under my heavy Affliction. The Meditations, you have furnished me with, afford the strongest Motives for Consolation that can be offered to a Person under my unhappy Circumstances. The dear, lamented Son, I have lost, was the Pride and Joy of my Heart: but I hope I may be the more easily excused for having looked on him in this Light, since he was not so from the outward Advantages he possessed, but from the Virtues and Rectitude of his Mind. The Prospects which flattered me, in Regard to him, were not drawn from his distinguished Rank, or from the Beauty of his Person, but
from

from the Hopes that his Example would have been serviceable to the Cause of Virtue, and would have shewn the younger Part of the World, that it was possible to be chearful without being foolish or vicious, and to be religious without severity or melancholy. His whole Life was one uninterrupted Course of Duty and Affection to his Parents; and, when he found the Hand of Death upon him, his only Regret was to think on the Agonies which must rend their Hearts; for he was perfectly contented to leave the World, as his Conscience did not reproach him with any presumptuous Sins, and he hoped his Errors would be forgiven. Thus he resigned his innocent Soul into the Hands of his merciful Creator, on the Evening of his Birth-Day, which compleated him nineteen. You will not be surprized, Sir, that the Death of such a Son should occasion the deepest Sorrow; yet, at the same Time, it leaves us the most comfortable Assurance, that he is happier than our fondest Wishes and Care could have made him, which must enable us to support the Remainder of Years which it shall please God to allot for us here, without murmuring or

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Discontent, and quicken our Endeavours to prepare ourselves to follow to that happy Place, where our dear valuable Child is gone before us. I beg the Continuance of your Prayers, and am,

S I R,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

Lady HERTFORD.*

L E T T E R L X I.

Dr. A—— to Mr. HULL.

Dear Sir,

Paris, July 31.

I Promised you should hear from me on my Tour. I now write to you from this Metropolis of *Dirt* and *Gentility*, which, owing to

* The Editor returns his best Thanks to the Friend who so politely obliged him with this original Letter, and only wishes it had come to his Hands Time enough to have been inserted earlier in this Collection.

the

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the Narrowness of the Streets and Height of the Houses, puts me more in mind of the Capital of *North* than of *South Britain*; but then the *Grands Hotels* are more noble, and in greater Abundance than our Noblemen's Houses; and the Environs of *Paris* are, in my Opinion, finer than those of *London*, which Place we left on *Monday* the 14th of this Month, and arrived here on *Tuesday* the 22d, without meeting any disagreeable Accident during the Journey. We have got a very elegant Apartment in one of the best Parts of *Paris*, and, you may be sure, have lost no Time since our Arrival, in seeing every Thing that is worthy a Stranger's Curiosity. The *Tuilleries*, of which *French* Novellists make such frequent Mention, is a pleasant Place for the People of Fashion to take the Air in; The *Louvre*, which, in outward Show, far exceeds any Palace we have, runs along one End of it, and on the opposite Side a fine Square is building, called the *Place de Louis Quinze*; there are noble shady Walks, and a charming Terrass, that commands a fine View of *Paris*; but the old Taste, in which the Center of the Garden is laid out, is frightful,

and exactly resembles the Ornaments of a Minced-Pye. There is another fashionable Rendezvous for the Evening Airings, about a Mile out of *Paris*, that, I confess, pleases me still more, called the *Bois de Boulogne*, where, instead of a sharp Gravel and crowded Walks, like our Park, you may wander about at full Liberty, and tread upon a verdant Carpet all the Time. We have seen several private Collections of Paintings, and other Curiosities, that do great Honour to the Taste and Judgment of the Possessors: but nothing charms me so much, as a noble Collection of Pictures at the *Palais Royale*, which belongs to the Duke of ORLEANS, first Prince of the Blood, and were chiefly purchased by the famous Regent. The grand Opera here is the finest Thing to see you can possibly imagine; the Scenes are splendid, the Dresses rich and elegant, the Dances composed with infinite Taste, and finely executed, and the Stage much better filled than ours: but the Music is truly detestable; 'tis all *French*, and from the Beginning to the End like a solemn Dirge. As for the Voices, if you will imagine a Concert composed of Cats, Owls,

Owls, and Monkeys, it will give you a tolerable Idea of the Harmony, and whoever assassinate your Ears with the greatest Violence is most applauded. The *French* comic Opera is as agreeable as the serious one is the reverse. The Songs are all sprightly *Italian* Airs; the Scenery and Dresses, as at the other, excel ours, and to my Fancy, this is the most agreeable Amusement *Paris* affords; their Manner of acting Plays, I own, does not charm me, after being used to the genteel, familiar Dialogue of our *English* Comedies; and even in Tragedy, I think they have too much Energy, both of Voice and Action. I should not thus familiarly play the Critic, were I not perfectly well acquainted with your Candour and Good-nature; for, after all, I am talking of what I don't understand, and am as likely to be wrong as right. So much by Way of Digression, a Liberty all modern Novellists allow themselves; and now my Narrative proceeds to the Chapter of Fashions, for the Sake of the female Members of your Party. The Ladies in general would, I believe, be handsome, but for two shocking Dabs of Crimson, or Scarlet, which some prefer, in a circular Form,

Form, directly under each Eye, which makes them look just like so many Furies; the Hair dressed out of all Proportion, for often the Height of the Hair is more a great Deal than the Length of the whole Face; Ladies, who are quite moderate, are, at least, three Inches of *Toupe* taller than *English* of the same Height.* The Hoops are very small, the Ruffles very moderate, and the Necks more covered than in *England*; the Gowns are made very high behind, and pin pretty close before, and almost as wide at Bottom as at Top; the Pleats of the Sacks behind are made narrower than ours. The married Ladies (indeed we never see any other in Public) all wear very small Caps. The Court being in Mourning, prevents our seeing any other finery than Diamonds, in which the Ladies seem to abound, in general, more than in *England*. Not a Head of any Sort have I yet seen that is not absolutely plaistered with Pomatum and Powder, those of the Poor as well as the Rich; I wonder the Consumption of Flower in this Metropolis of well-dressed dirty People, does not breed

* This was evidently written some Years since.

a Famine: the Streets are always so crowded with them, that you would swear *Paris* was the most populous Place, and the *Parisians* the most idle Set of People in the whole World. A fashionable Custom here is, when the Comedy is finished, to drive to what is called the *Grande Boulevard*, one Side of which is shaded with Trees, and the other filled with large Coffee-houses, finely illuminated, where you see all Manner of Sport going forward, as Eating, Dancing, Music, Puppet-Shows, Conjurers, Fireworks, Fire-Eaters, Giants, Lilliputians, &c. &c. in short, you may be amused, in about the Length of the Mall, from eight in the Evening till three in the Morning; but the genteel Way is only to drive up and down the Walk without getting out of your Carriage. I am afraid that my Description of *Paris*, and its Amusements, will tire both your Eyes and your Patience, at least, it has done so by me, and I have scribbled in such a Hurry, that it is not fit to send; but I flatter myself, you would rather have a Letter ill written, than none; I am mortified though, that it will cost you a great deal more postage than it is worth, and by the Time it

reaches you, we shall probably be pursuing our Journey, so that I cannot hope to hear a Word of or from dear *England* till I get to ———. In the mean Time, I beg to be remembered in the kindest Manner, to every Friend, and that you will believe me to be, as I ever am, with Truth and Sincerity, your truly affectionate and faithful

J. A——.

I hope you are able to enjoy this charming Weather, (for I hope 'tis such with you as well as with us) by taking many agreeable Walks in your delightful Fields. I assure you the *Seine* is nothing comparable to the *Avon*, and the *Pont Neuf*, so much extolled by *Fame* and *Frenchmen*, is a paltry Affair, in Comparison of *Westminster Bridge*. Now I must have done, and I am sure you will be glad of it.

I was so charmed, and so moved last Night at the Tragedy of *Zayre*, that I am almost tempted to recant what I have said against the *French Tragedians*; but I still feel a Partiality for our own Actors. I will not be so unreasonable

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sonable to teize you any longer with my Scrawl; once more adieu.

LETTER LXII.

Dr. A——, to Mr. HULL.

Off: 13.

OUR Route was quite different from that by which we once went from *Straßbourg* to *Paris*, to my no small Joy, for I think a twice-gone Road almost as bad as a twice-told Tale. I had an Opportunity, by this Means, of seeing Beauties in *Champaigne*, which, till then, I had no Idea of; for many Miles the Road formed an actual Terrass, bounded on one Side by little Hills, intersperfed with Vineyards and Corn-Fields, and on the other Side, the Eye is led, by a gentle Descent, down to the most fertile Vales, the Verdure of which could scarcely be conceived from the Painting of pastoral Poetry ;

Poetry; through these, for an immense Way, meanders a most beautiful serpentine River, whose Banks are adorned with innumerable Drovers of Cattle of every Sort, which puts one in Mind of the peaceful Reign of the Patriarchs, since, being undivided, they appear to be the Property of *one* Master. You will scarcely think, my good Friend, that these smiling Scenes could raise melancholy Ideas, and yet they had that Effect upon my Mind; in almost every Village we passed through, which had looked beautiful at a Distance, we found all the Appearance of Wretchedness and Want that you see in the most dreary Parts of *Savoy*, for what the Extravagance and Luxury of the Prince of *CONDÉ* (part of whose immense Territory this is) leaves to the Peasants, is wracked from them by the lazy Priests, who, like Locusts, seem to be sent only to eat up the Riches of the Land: here you see no hospitable Gentleman's Seat; no warm, neat Cottages; those are Comforts reserved only for the *English*, who would, perhaps, be more grateful for the Blessings they enjoy, if they possessed fewer of them. But to return to our Journey; the fine Season of the Year, good Roads, and every where tolerable

tolerable Accommodations, carried us in twelve Days to *Straßbourg*, where we stopped for three Days; from thence we steered our Course to *Ball*, (or *Bazill*, as it is called in the Maps) in *Switzerland*. This Change in our Route delighted me. We were induced to make this little Round, to avoid a great Part of *Suabia*, where we heard the Roads were almost impassable, the Water unwholesome, a great Scarcity of Provisions, and the Measles raging every where; *Ball* is extremely well worth the Observation of Travellers; the Situation is on a very noble Part of the *Rhine*, which runs through the Town; it also merits the Attention of the Lovers of *Vertù*, as the best Relict of the famous *HOLBENS* (known by the Name of *Death's Dance*) is preserved in the public Library. From *Ball* we proceeded to *Schaffhausen*, another of the protestant *Swiss* Cantons; about three Miles hence is the Cataract of the *Rhine*, an Object which I contemplated with a Mixture of *Horror* and *Pleasure*, easier to be felt than described, which I beg you will tell — — conveyed to me a clearer Idea of the *Sublime and Beautiful*, than I could ever gather even from Mr. *BURKE*.

We

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We next travelled a very pleasant Road, and caught many fine Views of the famous *Lake de Constance*: but upon the whole, though I like *Switzerland* well enough, *as-passant*, there is an insupportable melancholy Air, even in the greenest Towns, that is disgusting. When we got into the *Tyrol*, every Thing lost the Charm of Novelty to me, and I had only the mortifying Reflection to make, that when I last passed those rugged Paths, I was going towards *England*, and now, alas! was going from it. I will trouble you with no further Particulars of our Journey, save that we finished it without any sinister Accident whatever.

Adieu!

F I N I S.

336 SELECT LETTERS.

We next travelled a very pleasant Road, and caught many fine Views of the famous Lake *de Constance*: but upon the whole, though I like *Switzerland* well enough, *en-passant*, there is an unpolished melancholy Air, even in the greatest Towns, that is disgusting. When we got into the *Tyrol*, every Thing lost the Charm of Novelty to me, and I had only the mortifying Reflection to make, that when I last passed those rugged Paths, I was going towards *England*, and now, alas! was going from it. I will trouble you with no further Particulars of our Journey, save that we finished it without any sinister Accident whatever.

Adieu!

F I N I S.



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